The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXII AUGUST, 1935 No. 8

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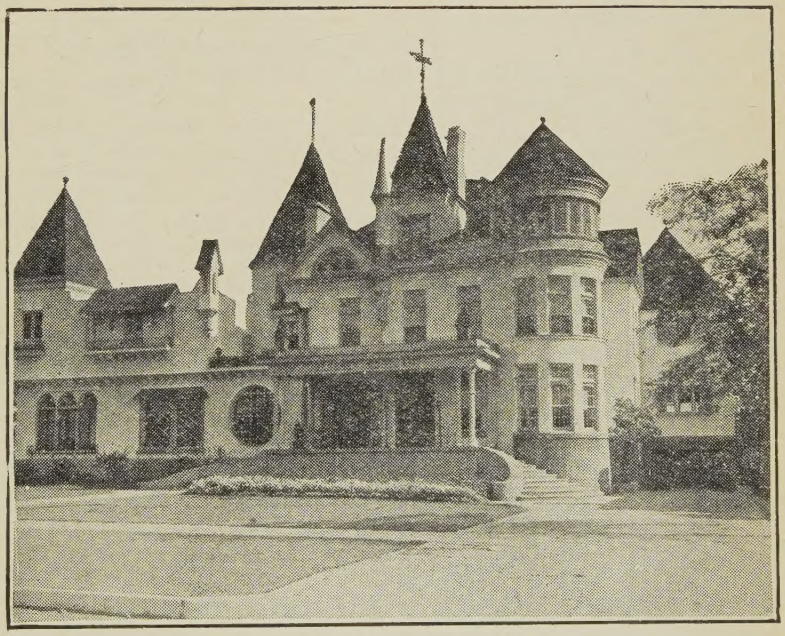

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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CONTENTS

The Grand Canyon ..... Frontispiece
Memorials ..... Alberta Huish Christensen 461
Eluding the Tragedy of Old Age ..... Edwin F. Parry 463
Growing Old Beautifully ..... Artemesia Romney 465
Unless You Become as a Little Child ..... Marguerite Johnson Griffen 466
If Every Child ..... Eva Willes Wangsgard 471
Not Bread Alone ..... Elsie C. Carroll 472
My Proof ..... Gladys Wood Randall 476
Ma Pritchard ..... *Dorothy Clapp Robinson* 477
A Wish for Tomorrow ..... Grace Zenor Pratt 480
Guides in Buying Textiles ..... Vilate Elliott 481
The Bridge ..... Blanche Kendall McKey 484
The Blue Envelope ..... Estelle Webb Thomas 485
Help Me to Stand the Test ..... Gerreme Sylvester Glennamaddy 490
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 491
We Meet the Jonses ..... Mabel S. Harmen 492
The Women's National Radio Committee 493
Think Twice ..... Bertha A. Kleinman 494
Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life ..... Lella Marler Hoggan 495
Eliza R. Snow Memorial Contest 497
A Banner for Three ..... Virginia B. Jacobsen 498
Foreshadowed Grief ..... Merling Dennis Clyde 500
Wish ..... Carrie Tanner 500
Ownership ..... Helen M. Livingston 500
Notes From the Field ..... Julia A. F. Lund 501
Pilgrimage, Old and New ..... Amy M. Rice 506
The Pilgrimage of Seven and Seventy Sisters ..... Annalegone Davis Patton 507
My Loves ..... Julina Green 507
Editorial—Go to Sacrament Meetings 508
A Great Need 509
Magazine Drive 509
Whiskey at the Steering Wheel 509
Lesson Department 510
Magazine Drive 525
The Great Danger 527
Gently Calling ..... Grace G. Jacobsen 528

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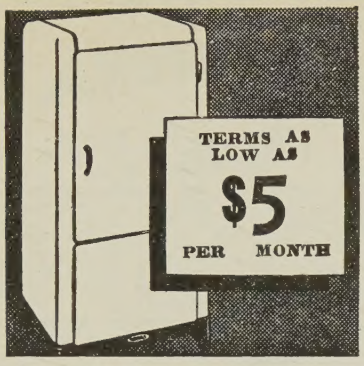

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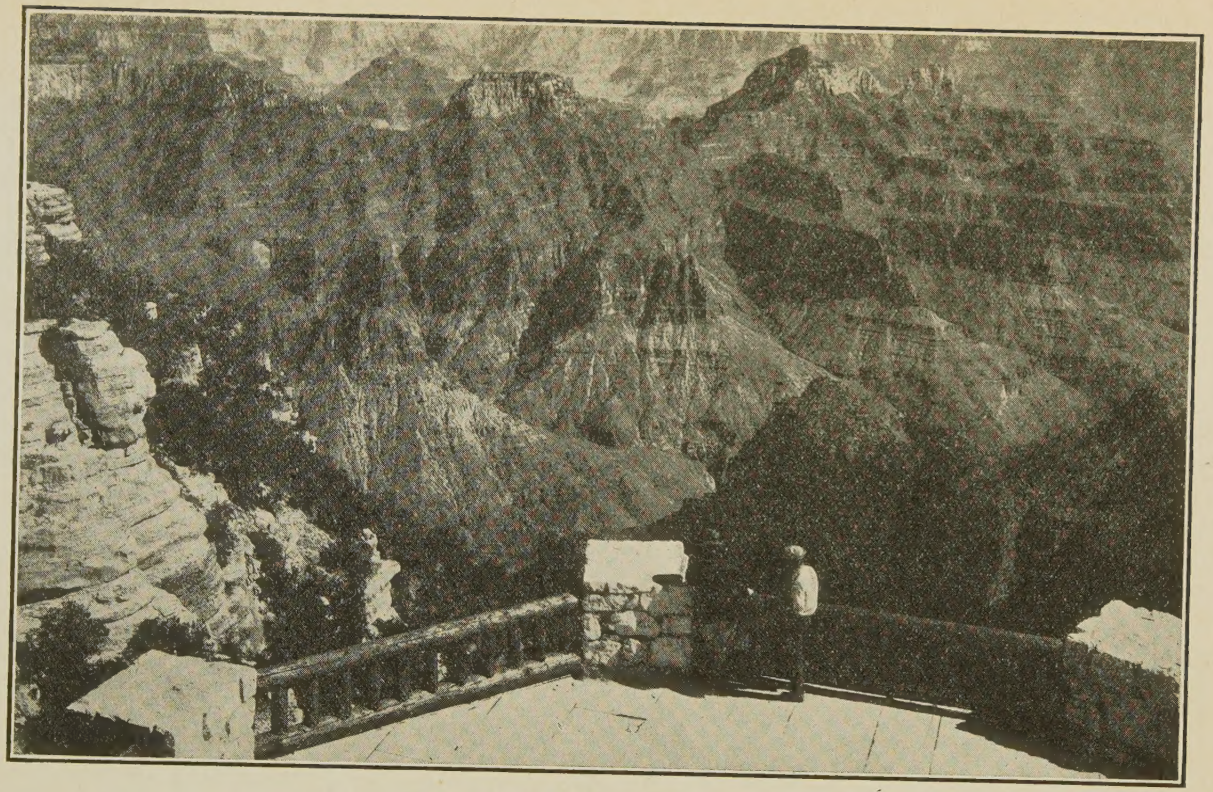
Memorials

By Bryce W. Anderson

In memory of a heart long decades stilled,
The toiling people a memorial build,
And seek, in tablets of cold, speechless stone,
To snare a spirit that from earth has flown.
A spirit that has scorned its living cell,
In lifeless cobbles they expect to dwell.

For one whose deeds were great, whose heart was free,
The half-remembering mortals plant a tree,
And hope that when its leafy branches sway
Some hint of his repute they may convey.
For one beyond both temporal death and birth,
A mortal tree is rooted fast in earth.

Thus do the multitudes forever try
New life on earth to find for those who die,
And while they slave, with ever-crumbling clay,
With wood and stone, that perish in a day,
Their hero's trophies move unnoticed by—
His sons, in whom his soul can never die.



THE GRAND CANYON

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The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII AUGUST, 1935 No 8

Eluding the Tragedy of Old Age

By Edwin F. Parry

WITH many people old age is a tragedy. Nautrally, advancing age brings infirmities that may not be overcome and have to be endured. These infirmities lessen the earning powers of the individual, and financial troubles increase his distress.

But these are not all the afflictions that confront one when growing old. Many there are who have never conquered their childish fits of bad temper and irritability. Because of this their ill-natured disposition is augmented with the years, and they become unbearable to their families and near friends, and also to themselves. These causes, or either of them serve to make old age unpleasant to endure.

FORTUNATELY, the calamity of old age may be minimized if precautions are taken early enough in life. Observance of the Word of Wisdom—taking proper care of the body—will insure a degree of health throughout life. Saving and laying aside means earned in early life may help with financial problems. Self-mastery and the cultivation of a pleasing personality will enable one to grow old gracefully, free from self-inflicted annoyances.

Among other means of warding off the calamities of age is the acquiring of a hobby, or taking up some study to employ the mind during spare time for with many the tragedy of age is the lack of something to do.

Some years ago a retired mechanic in Salt Lake City made this remark: "I find it hard to employ my time each day. I read till my eyes are weary, then I take a stroll and walk till my feet and limbs are tired; and still the day is far from its close! What else I can do to occupy the time except to occasionally converse with friends, I am at a loss to discover."

This man's family had grown up and married and moved away. His wife had departed this life and he was alone. He had means to supply his wants, and lived at a boarding house. His health was good, and he had been accustomed to active service at his trade up to the time of his retirement. Now he had no responsibility and no work—no chores even about the home. Once he was a man of cheerful disposition; but now he was despondent. Life was a burden to him. In past years he had never prepared for old age. But on the suggestion of a friend he found something to occupy his time in a most agreeable way, and the more he did the greater was his joy.

He engaged in temple work and became a regular worker on the days when the temple was open.

What a glorious blessing it is that people in our Church can engage in such pleasant activity to keep themselves occupied! If such work as is performed in the house of the Lord were of benefit only to those who participate, it would be of much value because of the joy it affords them; but that is only incidental. The real, unselfish object attained—that of service to others in need—is of far greater import.

Another incident might be mentioned. Though similar to the above, it is a sadder one. It is the case of a railway man retired on a pension. He lives with his family, and while he is not lonesome he is very restless, and knows no remedy for his ailment. He is without a hobby, cares but little for reading, is not spiritual-minded, does not attend religious meetings. He walks and rides about, sometimes taking excursions from his home and visits friends; yet this is not enough to keep him contented. His condition is really alarming and gives his wife much concern. It is the result of neglecting to cultivate studious habits and give attention to religious obligations in his youth.

Some people, to pass the time, resort to card-playing. No man or woman of our Church need do this. There are Church activities for all ages of both sexes. Men can find uplifting work in their priesthood callings, and women in the Relief Society and other organizations. This is another evidence that the Church is equal to the task of bringing salvation to its members, both temporally and eternally.

Women are more resourceful than men in the matter of finding something to employ their minds and hands. Being more in the home, they have acquired habits of industry of a varied character.

TO avert the tragedy of old age one ought to look ahead in early life and prepare for the inevitable handicaps of later years.

A sense of humor is an admirable help to anyone when troubles overtake him. Those who do not possess this gift may acquire it by cultivation. Let them look for the funny side of their misfortunes and laugh at them. They need not take their trials so seriously, for they may be only momentary; and often they are just imaginary.

Two women were working side by side in a factory where they were employed. Some apparently disagreeable work fell to their lot. Upon viewing it, one woman broke down and sobbed. The other laughed. Both attacked the job and the good-nature of the one gave courage to the other and soon the trouble was at an end.

Whether one's old age is happy or tragic depends largely upon himself and the preparation he has made to meet it.

NON-SMOKING TOURISTS PLEASE TAKE NOTE!

Members of the state legislature of North Dakota were desirous of repealing the law of the state which forbids smoking in restaurants and places where food is served, but were unsuccessful in their attempt. An exchange states that "brave Governor Walter Welford vetoed the bill and there is one state where one is not annoyed with tobacco smoke while eating."

—The Union Signal.

Growing Old Beautifully

By Artemesia Romney

DEEP in the heart of every mother there is a burning desire to appear beautiful, in spirit and mind and body, to her husband and children and loved ones. I believe every mother experiences one of the deepest thrills of motherhood when her tiny boy or girl lisps a few words which tell her that he thinks she is "beautiful." But every mother is aware that with the advancing years she must inevitably lose her physical charms. Every woman knows that she must face the problem of growing old, so she asks, "How can I grow old beautifully and wisely?"

One author has said, "To know how to grow old is the master work of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the art of living."

THE Relief Society Organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints points the way, and has given us a perfect plan to follow if we would grow old beautifully and wisely. For growing old beautifully means beauty through the development of spirit and soul. The Relief Society plan teaches and idealizes service, unselfishness, intelligence, culture, education, self-sacrifice, charity unbounded, love, forgiveness, cooperation, spirituality and countless other attributes which, if adhered to, lend beauty to soul and body.

This organization chooses the best from the maze of this world's knowledge, and plans it for our use. If we will follow where this knowledge leads we will find our minds unfolding as beautiful flowers grow and unfold in a garden. For proper development the garden of our minds must be fed sunshine and moisture, and the tiny sprouts of our knowledge must be well cared for and tended. We must always remember that the weeds of gossiping idleness can so easily grow until they have choked the flowers and the beauty of our garden is lost. If we will but live intelligently and serenely our life's garden will be filled with flowers of unselfishness and inspiration and the meaning of this author's words will be made clear. "Old age is the time for learning the relationship of the past and present and future. It is the decorative age when, like the autumn leaves, life may take on its glory."

A woman at the age of eighty years attracted everyone she met by her beauty and cheerful disposition. She was visited by many children, young people and old people who came to talk to her. One day she was asked by one of the visitors how she managed to keep so young and beautiful after such a long and strenuous life. She replied, "When I was young I was priviliged to visit an Art Gallery in France and saw there the portrait of a beautiful woman. I thought, 'What a marvelous piece of art, and how wonderful it would be to be able to do a piece of work like that.' But I knew that I could never accomplish such a fete, so I said to myself, 'I'll live a life so that when I grow old I'll be beautiful in mind and spirit and people will love to come and visit me and look at me.'"

May the ideals of our Relief Society Organization inspire in us a desire to grow old as wisely and successfully as the master painting of fame inspired the woman of Paris.

Unless You Become as a Little Child

By Marguerite Johnson Griffin

THE afternoon had lengthened into a premature twilight. The skies were overcast, and rain pattered drearily on the window pane. Edith Ashton, looking out upon the wet pavement and drenched lawn, sighed wearily.

"Will this rain never cease? How melancholy a rainy twilight makes one feel, and it's not yet time for twilight, either. It makes one feel queer, as if all were not quite right." Her hands lay with a relaxed weariness in her lap. Her eyes stared on seeing nothing, while her mind battled against a feeling of depression, of impending trouble.

Children's voices in the street focused her vision upon existing realities, and she saw her own little nine-year-old Doris, her curls bobbing and her face smiling, dash joyously up the steps.

"How carefree is childhood; no worries, no sorrows, nothing but gaiety, joy," she mused.

The front door opened and eager steps brought the daughter before her.

"Oh, mother," the child cried, her face abeam, her cheeks flushed from exposure and from excitement, her eyes dancing like sparkling dewdrops. "I'm so happy that Daddy said I could go to the beach with my Primary class. And tomorrow is the day, too, isn't it? And just think! I've never even seen the ocean, and it's only a hundred miles away. Sister Snyder says we can get there in about three hours in cars. Mother, have you ever seen the ocean?"

"Yes, dear," the woman answered quietly. "Quite a long time ago."

"What's it like? Does it really make a dreadful roar?"

"Yes, indeed. It—"

"And when you're in the middle can't you really see any land?"

"Oh, no. You can't see any land when you're in the middle."

"I can hardly wait to go. I've never seen the ocean only in the movies, and—" she was checked by a vehement sneeze.

"Doris, go at once and change your clothes. You are wet through. And gargle your throat while you're at it. If you are not careful, you will catch a bad cold and not be able to go at all."

Edith's sharp mother-eyes saw the child's face pale and her big eyes widen in a look almost of terror at this fearful possibility.

"No, no," she cried. "I will change all of my clothes. I'll gargle my throat. I mustn't get a cold. I've just got to go, mother. I've never seen it. I'd die if—"

"Never mind," said the mother reassuringly. "If you take precautions, I am sure you will not get sick. Don't even think about it, dear."

The child ran away to do her bidding.

"I didn't realize what that outing means to her," thought the woman. Perhaps childhood is not so carefree after all. Perhaps she would feel as keenly about that as a grown person who had been promised a trip around the world, and at the last minute was deprived of going. Perhaps, after all, the sorrows and troubles of childhood are as great as the child can grapple with. But then, nothing will keep her from going to

the beach," she smiled with satisfaction, "for tomorrow is the day."

THE child's cheerfulness had in a measure dispelled Edith's gloom, but now that Doris had gone upstairs the old foreboding returned. Her eyes again sought the rain-drenched street, and almost immediately her husband's figure came into view. The sight of him caused her to start. Where was his buoyant springing step, his cheery whistle? Where were his alert eyes and happy smile? Why did his shoulders, usually so erect, droop as if a weary load weighted them down? Why did his head, usually held high, hang with dejection, while his eyes sought only the walk before him? Why did his feet, usually so light, move as if bound by leaden weights?

"Something is wrong!" seemed to whisper in Edith's ear.

The door opened, and with it was wafted in a spirit of despair. There was no cheery call, no alert steps seeking first of all her whereabouts. She waited, and then she went into the other room where he was.

"Paul," she murmured in dismay.

He only looked at her. A nameless fear smote her as she scanned his face. All the lights of happiness were gone from his brown eyes. The nostrils of his nose were slightly distended and he breathed hard as if he had run a great distance. Only she knew he hadn't. At least not recently enough to cause him to still be breathless, for she had seen him walk slowly home as if pondering some weighty matter. But what chilled her most of all was the bitter line into which his lips were tightly set.

"Paul," she repeated again, "Paul, what is wrong?"

Still he stared at her. But she imagined that her concern for him had softened the bitterness of his eyes. Suddenly he crushed her to him.

"Edith," he almost sobbed. She stroked his dark hair comfortingly as a mother soothing a hurt child. After a time she said softly, "Tell me what is wrong, Paul."

He stepped back from her, and again his face filled with bitterness. Almost between clenched teeth he said, "I've been swindled out of that money Dad left me, and by a member of your church."

His words sent a chill of panic through her veins. Was he forgetting that he had joined her church voluntarily five years ago? Taking his hand she led him to the davenport.

"Sit down here," she said softly, "and tell me all about it."

"Oh, Edith," he began impulsively. "You know what that money coming in these times meant to us. It meant something for a rainy day, for an emergency, and if not needed for that, then for Doris' education." His calmness left him. "And now it's all gone. Gone as completely as if it had never come."

He paused, but she said nothing. Instead she tried to understand, and waited for him to go on.

"Brother Morton sold me some worthless stock."

"Stock," she repeated, her senses numb.

Before this she had thought only of Paul, had been worried because of his terrifying expression, but now she was beginning to realize that the money was gone. The money that had made them feel secure against any emergency. And now it was gone. Gone was their security against unemployment. Gone were all hopes for a higher education for their little daughter. They could never in a life-time with Paul's salary save the amount Dad had left

them, and much less could they do so in these times.

"And he's a member of the Church, too." Paul's voice was dull and lifeless.

Yes, he was a member of the church—Brother Morton—she could hardly believe it.

"But how—"

"Oh, it would have been different if I had asked him or been searching for some stock to buy," he explained. "But he had heard about us getting this money and he came to me and told me this stock was the best I could buy, that I should use this money to make money. And of course you know I have never taken enough interest in stocks to know much about them. He acted as if he were doing me a special favor by selling me this stock and he, being a member of the Church, I accepted his word with confidence. That was several weeks ago."

"And you told me nothing about it?"

"Well, I thought I would surprise you when we got our first dividend. But today I heard some fellows talking about this particular stock and how they had sunk money into it some time ago and now it isn't worth the paper it's written on, so I took it to the bank to make sure. I found out." He paused. "It's worthless," he finished in despair.

"No wonder Brother Morton left town last week," Edith mused.

"You bet," exploded the man. "The dirty swindler! He knew what was best for him." His fists were clenched until the white showed through. "I'm done with a church whose members do things like that."

A pang of terror smote her heart. The money was forgotten in her mind. What was money in comparison to the fact that Paul was embittered against the church, Paul, a member of only five years?

"Dear Father in Heaven," her soul cried out. "Help me to say something to show him his mistake, to soften his heart."

"Paul," she said gently, while her whole body trembled and her pulses raced. "You have always been so fair about everything since I have first known you, and now when you say 'a church whose members do things like that'—If you will stop to think you will know that is very wrong. Why in every organization to which human beings belong there are always people of all kinds. But where you find one dishonest person, there are many good ones."

His eyes were still filled with bitterness although he listened patiently. Panic filled her heart. Could nothing she might say convince him?

"Even in the lodge you belonged to before you joined the Church—and your lodge stood for honesty, love, brotherhood, and the fine things of life, too—still there was that man who swindled people. It was in all the papers. It is unfair to censure any organization for the acts of one of its members."

"But a church should be different than a lodge," he interposed stubbornly.

She countered quickly. "When it comes to things like that you know yourself, Paul, people can't be made over in a hurry. Some have a weakness for money. They will stop at nothing to get it. No church can force them to abandon their wicked ways. It can only teach, exhort, and persuade. People do not always do the things they know they should, or even the things they tell others to do. They—"

DORIS came running in, unaware of the serious problem at hand. Her clothes were changed and dry. Her eyes were bright with anticipation.

"See, Mother. I have no cold, but I gargled anyway. Oh, Daddy!"

She jumped upon his lap, showering him with kisses. In the face of that his bitterness fled momentarily. Edith was relieved.

Soon the child paused to exclaim, "Daddy, just think! Tomorrow I am going to the beach with my Primary class, and I have never even seen the ocean yet. I can hardly wait."

"You are going to the beach with your Primary teacher?" the man asked as if he had forgotten all about it.

"Yes, Daddy. You know you said I could a long time ago." The child's face was radiant. "It's only a hundred miles, and Sister Snyder said we'll get there in three hours in cars. I can hardly wait. Daddy, does the ocean—"

"You're not going!" the man barked, his chin set determinedly, his eyes flashing.

The little girl's face went deathly white. Her eyes grew wide with perplexity.

"Not—not—going—" she stammered.

"You heard me!" her father answered sharply. "I'm not going to have a daughter of mine go anywhere with a teacher of a church that—"

But he left the rest unsaid, and with a face flushed with anger left the room.

The mother's heart ached. To think that her husband who had always been so kind and considerate, who in reality thought the world of little Doris, would allow his trouble to make him cruel to the child. Yes, cruel, for the girl's lips were quivering, her misty eyes were wide with dismay, as if she could not understand.

"Mother," she said slowly. "Can't I really go? He didn't mean that!"

"I guess he did, daughter."

How she longed to tell the child she could go any way. There had been no fairness in his edict. Yet she could not, for they had always been united where Doris had been concerned. One had never contradicted the other.

"Never mind, darling," she said, patting the girl's sunny head. "We will all go some day."

"Some day," repeated the child bitterly. "I want to go tomorrow. I've never seen Daddy so mean," and with a sob she rushed from the room.

PAUL scarcely ate anything that night. It was only because of Edith's "Oh, don't you like my roast? It always was your favorite, you know," and "You're not eating a thing" that he ate anything. Edith could tell that if he had given in to it, he really felt like crying.

It was a hard blow. Edith felt it, too, only she was too much concerned with what effect it would have on Paul. She had known two or three persons who had become embittered by the actions of other members of the Church to such an extent that they had let it almost ruin their lives and deprive themselves of many blessings they might have had.

May nothing like that happen to Paul. No amount of gold is worth the forfeiture of spiritual wealth which thieves cannot steal. It is the individual himself who has the power to rob and cheat himself of those treasures.

Doris did not even come down to supper and Edith did not try to coax her, but a little later she took her up a glass of warm milk.

Paul was very sleepless that night, tossing and turning until a late hour, and Edith, as she too lay quietly awake, yearned to comfort him but knew not what to say or do. At intervals, from the adjoining room, she

could hear Doris' heartbroken sobs, and a little later when she had cried herself to sleep, she could hear her deep weary breathing intermingled from time to time with a long drawn sigh.

THE next morning Paul went early to his work. His face was drawn and slightly pale. Edith yearned to comfort him, but she said little.

It being Saturday, she did not awaken Doris, and the child slept until almost noon, for she had grieved so late the night before. But today she was her usual happy self. Edith marveled at the change.

"Mother, can I make some more of that fudge that you showed me how to make last week?"

"Indeed you may," answered Edith, eager to let the girl do something to make up for her disappointment.

"I've got a pretty candy box," Doris went on, "and I'd like to fill it full for Daddy and give to him tonight, 'cause he liked it so well before."

Edith continued to marvel. Did the child feel no resentment toward her father? Had she forgotten so easily?

In the middle of her candy-making, she paused to say wistfully, "Well, I guess they're all there, having a good time, by now."

So Edith knew she hadn't forgotten, that she would never forget that incident nor the pain she had felt, but she had forgiven.

That evening Paul found by his plate a box of home-made fudge with a slip of paper in the top on which was written in a childish scrawl: "I love my Daddy." Paul generously appreciated it, but Edith knew he had been too engrossed in his own trouble to sense the full significance of it. So after Doris had gone to bed, she felt the time had come when she could speak.

"Paul, do you realize what a bitter disappointment it was to Doris when you told her she could not go to the beach today?"

"Well, I can't help it," he said resentfully. "Brother Morton swindled me. He belongs to your Church, so Doris can't go there any more, or even to the beach with her Primary teacher, or to anything connected with it."

"Forget that a moment, Paul, and think how disappointed Doris was. She has never seen the ocean. She had looked forward to going today for three weeks."

The man's face softened. "I guess it did hurt the little kid, all right."

"She ate no supper and cried half the night."

His eyes widened. "She did? Gee, I'm sorry, poor kid. I guess I was too engrossed in my own trouble to notice."

"Do you realize, Paul, that her pain over that was as keen as yours over the worthless stock?"

"Oh, no—it couldn't be."

"Yes, it was," she insisted. "It seems nothing to you, but remember she is only a child. It was as hard on her as your experience was for you. She suffered just as much."

"Maybe there's something in that," he said thoughtfully. Then a sudden wave of bitterness swept over him. "Well, what of it? What connection is there?"

"Just this. If she had taken her sorrow as you did yours, she would be bitter. She would hate you. She would hate everything you are connected with, perhaps everything you have given her. But she did not do that. No, she forgave. She will never forget. Always she will remember the disappointment and pain she felt, but she will not condemn you. She forgave. She made you

the candy and wrote, 'I love my Daddy.' Can you do less than a child will do?"

"But I am her father. It is easier for her to forgive me," he protested.

"No, it isn't. If anything, it might be harder, at least according to your own words. You are her father. She would not be expecting you to hurt her, even as you would not expect Brother Morton to be dishonest with you since he belongs to the Church. There is no difference as I can see."

"Well, I guess you win the argument. I can say nothing to that. But Brother Morton is gone."

"Yes. But if you truly forgive, you will not let it make you bitter. You will not censure the Church for what one man has done."

"But I wouldn't trust him again. I wouldn't buy any more stock from him," he said vehemently.

Edith smiled as if speaking to a small child.

"I wouldn't expect or want you to, either," she said. "You will never forget, even as Doris never will, but you can forgive even as she has. You know the scriptures say, 'Unless you become as a little child you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven'."

Later that night Paul stole into Doris' bedroom and gazed lovingly at her peaceful sleeping face. Then he stooped and gently kissed her.

"Poor little lamb," he murmured, and through his mind this phrase kept singing: "Unless you become as a little child—" What greater goal is there for a man to work for, he thought. A child is humble, forgiving, loving, expects no evil from others, does no evil to others, is trusting and pure. It is said that Satan cannot tempt little children. If one would truly become as a little child he would place himself above and beyond temptation.

He chuckled. "Here I am preaching to myself. Never mind, little Doris, you and I and Mother will go to the Primary conference tomorrow night as you asked us to."

If Every Child

By Eva Willes Wangsgard

This thought came with the waning light:
If every little child at night
Could have a sweet clean trundle bed
And soft white pillows for his head;

If love and his own mother's hand
Could tuck him in and understand
His wants and needs, and sympathize;
If all our mother-love were wise;

If he could waken every day
To food and warmth and happy play
In cheerful room where sunlight falls,
Would we have need of prison walls?

Not Bread Alone

By Elsie C. Carroll

III

LINDA closed and locked the door of the little church. She drew the collar of her coat up closer about her face and pulled her hat more firmly about her curls. She should have brought an umbrella, she told herself, for it had looked like storm since morning. Now the ground was covered with snow and white swirls enveloped her as she walked to the front of the building and started up the street.

She had always loved winter, and a white world for Christmas had seemed an essential part of the great festal holiday. But snow was beginning to have disagreeable connotations for her. The house was never comfortably warm when it stormed, and there was the unpleasant dallying of the men before getting out to their chores on snowy nights and mornings. The constant tracking in of mud and wet onto the bare kitchen floor was irritating, and Mrs. Bowers' rheumatism was always worse in bad weather.

Then day before yesterday, Henry and Thad had gone to Mendon, three hundred miles away, to try to sell some cattle to pay delinquent taxes. If it snowed hard they'd have trouble getting back over the ridge the other side of the basin.

Linda had felt that Mel, instead of Henry, should have gone on this trip. It seemed to her that Henry was always given the hardest end of the work. But when she had intimated as much to him he had spoken sharply, upholding Mel and inferring that he himself *should* do more than his share since there were two of them sharing in the home and Melville was only one.

This had hurt Linda. She knew, too, that Mrs. Bowers resented the fact that she spent considerable time giving music lessons and being so much away from the house, particularly since most of the lessons were to children of parents who couldn't or wouldn't pay for them.

Effie, however, who bore the burden of the housework, had repeatedly assured Linda that it was all right, and that she was not to worry. Linda had tried to do her share of the work, but she found it difficult to fit into ways so different from those to which she had been accustomed, and it *was* a relief to get away from the home some of the time.

SHE had had the piano moved to the church a few weeks after it came. Mrs. Bowers had complained about the noise of it, and she didn't like the children to whom Linda had volunteered to give lessons, coming to the house. So Linda had gone to the minister, Mr. Stone, and asked if he wouldn't like to have the piano in the church. She had already started working to build up a choir for him. That gave her a good reason for wanting the piano where it would help. He was delighted, and gave her a key so she could go any time she chose to give lessons or to practice.

Henry had not liked her taking the piano away. He complained that she would never be at home. But she had laughed at him, and had tried to be at the church in the main while he was busy in the fields or at the barn. But more and more she

was being torn by the conflict growing out of her love for her music and the attitude of Henry's folks.

Sometimes she wondered if it would have been better not to have got the piano. But when she realized all that it meant to her and of what she was beginning to give to this starved little community, she knew she could not give it up—at least not unless conditions became much, much worse.

Today she had been practicing with the children in connection with Molly Wheeler, the young inexperienced school teacher, a cantata to be presented on Christmas Eve. She had been away from home all afternoon. It was almost dark now, but she dreaded to go back.

She hoped Henry would be home. If he didn't come tonight she would lie awake worrying for fear something had happened, or that he and Thad were caught in a storm the other side of the ridge.

LINDA loved Effie, but found little companionship with her. Effie's misfortune had warped a beautiful personality. She had been made to feel that her sin had brought everlasting disgrace to her family, and that she was in a measure, the cause of her mother's unhappiness and ill-health. She had drawn within herself as within an impenetrable shell, and had more and more become the silent drudge in the household. Linda often wondered what was going on in Effie's inner world, back of her dark, baffled, unrevealing eyes. She had tried to find a way to enter that world, but so far, Effie had kept the door locked.

In quiet little ways, however, Henry's sister revealed her devotion to Linda, and did everything in her power to save her from the little wounds of her mother's complaining tongue and Mel's domineering ruthlessness.

Linda had never felt at ease with Mel. The way he looked at her at times made her afraid of something she never tried to analyze. But she avoided him as much as she could.

Little Dicky was her one source of absolute satisfaction. They were pals from her first day. He let her help him with the airplanes he was constantly making, and he loved music and practiced by the hour when his grandmother would let him go to the church. But his little twisted legs were so bad at times that he must be in bed for days. He was having one of his bad spells now. Linda crossed over to the store to buy a few pieces of candy to take home to him.

When she entered the kitchen (the kitchen was the living room in the Bowers home) she knew by the sudden hush in the group about the stove, that she had been the subject of their conversation. This had often occurred before, but Linda, who has not been feeling quite herself for several days, now felt more than usual irritation. However, she tried to control her feelings. She took off her things and hung them in the hall saying as casually as possible,

"I was hoping Henry and Thad would be here." She stood by the stove, warming her hands before going to the cot where Dicky lay.

"They probably won't be here for a day or two," Mel said. "Ike Lacy says three's three feet of snow on the ridge and it was still piling up when he came over about noon." Mel was looking at Linda with that bold, intimate expression in his eyes which always caused the blood to rush to her face and made her turn from him with a strange fear.

"That's terrible," she said as she walked to the other side of the stove. "What will they do? They aren't

prepared with enough bedding and food."

"It will be tough all right," Mel agreed, shifting his chair so he could still look at her. She went to the cot and bent over Dicky to show him what she had brought.

"If they couldn't sell the cattle," Mrs. Bowers was saying in her high, plaintive drawl, "no tellin' what will become of us. They'll be sellin' the house from over our heads for the taxes." As was her habit at the close of nearly every sentence, she took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

Effie sat in a corner near the cot, silently knitting, never lifting her eyes as the others talked.

The room was close and there were the mixed odors of food and manure from Mel's boots. Linda suddenly felt sick and dizzy.

"Aunt Linnie, tell me a story," Dicky pleaded, as she straightened and reached for the back of a chair.

"I want a drink," she said and started toward the water bench. She had been troubled with dizzy feelings for several days, but now she was nauseated. An unbearable repulsion for the room and everybody in it swept over her. She felt that she couldn't endure it another hour without Henry. She must get outside for a breath of air. But before she could reach the water or the door everything went black and she felt herself swaying toward the floor.

When her mind cleared she was in someone's arms. At first she thought it was Henry holding her close against his body; then she looked up and saw Mel's face above her, and that look she hated in his eyes. She freed herself, asking bewilderedly,

"What happened?"

"You started to faint," Mel answered. His voice was strange and husky. Effie brought her a drink and put a damp cloth to her head.

As Linda sat sipping the water she suddenly became aware that Mrs. Bowers was staring at her in a queer way.

Mel went outside, calling over his shoulder,

"I'll walk up the road a ways and see if I can see them coming."

There was a moment of silence then Mrs. Bowers spoke.

"So *that's* what's the matter is it? I've been suspicionin' as much for days. Well, I don't know where we're goin' to git money for doctor bills—and another one to feed—"

"Ma!" Effie cried in a voice Linda had never heard her use before. She was bending over Linda as if she would shield her from the other's shafts.

"Let me help you up to your room. And I'll fix you some warm gruel before the others eat."

Linda was in bed all the next day. Every time she lifted her head she was dizzy and nauseated. Effie brought her broth and weak tea. She sent word to Molly Wheeler that she couldn't come to practice, but for them to go on without her.

Henry and Thad did not come that day or the next. Lying there hour after hour Linda imagined all the things that might have happened to them. This kept her from sleeping when she did feel free from dizziness. About ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth, Effie came up to tell her that the mail driver had got over the ridge, (there had been no mail the two days before) and that he had camped with Henry and Thad the previous night. They were bringing part of the cattle back, but he thought they would be home that night.

This news made Linda so happy she immediately declared that she was all right and started to get up. She felt somewhat weak but her

head was much clearer and she told Effie that she was going at two for the last practice with the children. The cantata was to be presented that night.

"Do you feel like you ought to go," Effie asked with a concerned look in her eyes.

"I really *must* go. I'm all right now. You've been such a good nurse—I'm only a little weak." She began putting on her clothes.

"But—but you know what is the matter with you, don't you?" Effie asked without looking directly into her eyes.

Linda seized her sister-in-law's hands and turned her about.

"Not what your mother said the other night?" It was strange how in all the unpleasant confusion of the night she had fainted, the implication of Mrs. Bowers' words had not registered upon Linda's mind until this moment.

Effie nodded.

Linda hugged her and laughed and cried in a new joy.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Effie! So glad! Then suddenly she sat back on the bed, remembering Mrs. Bowers' words. No money for doctor bills —another one to feed.

But even that did not kill her happiness. Henry would be glad, too, and perhaps they could find some little place to live by themselves.

She went on with her dressing.

"I really do feel fine," she told Effie who still hovered, trying to help and plainly worried.

"If you do, then the fresh air and the change will be good for you. I'll fix you a bite to eat and bring it up here. You'll feel weak when you try to come down stairs." She started from the room, then turned half way back and said hesitatingly,

"You mustn't mind—what Ma says. She can't help it."

Linda reached over and lifted Effie's rough hand to her lips.

"Effie, you're a darling. What would I do without you?" The other hurried from the room in confusion.

HENRY and Thad still had not come when Linda returned from the practice. She disliked to be away when they did reutrn, but now she knew they were safe, she felt that she couldn't do any thing but go on with the cantata. There was no one else who could play the piano and conduct it. Molly had been able to help with the singing and the staging, but the performance could not be given without Linda.

The church was packed. This was the first musical program ever to be given in Cedar Basin and every one was excited, the children who were taking part not more than their parents who had come to see them. Reverend Stone had been wonderful in his encouragement and co-operation. He had helped with scenery, and had decorated the church with Christmas trees and bright red and green streamers, giving the place a genuine holiday air.

Linda sat at the piano and played the performance through, feeling somewhat as if she were in a dream, so mixed were her emotions. There was her concern about Henry; her happiness over her secret she had to tell him; and her thrills and amusement at the various things that happened as the program proceeded. As she watched the children and realized what this experience was meaning to them and to their parents, she forgot the ugly kitchen in Henry's home, and the complaining voice of his mother and all the petty irritations of each day. And she glimpsed a vision of what she might do for this starved community if she could only keep that idealism her uncle said she had inherited and

not let the petty sordid things of life blur her view. As the curtain was about to be lowered on the finale, Linda found herself breathing a little prayer.

When it was all over, she was tired, but she knew there had been few moments of such complete happiness in her life as she had experienced tonight. She couldn't wait to share it with Henry and to write it to Uncle Peter.

WHEN she reached home Henry and Thad were there. They were eating supper, their damp coats and blankets draped on chairs about the stove. Henry got up as she opened the door and came to meet her. He had not shaved for days and his eyes were bloodshot from the snow. When he took her in his arms, the memory of that moment when she had found herself in Mel's arms swept over her, and for an instant she shuddered and drew back.

"What's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me after all this time?"

Instantly she recovered herself and drew his face down to her lips.

"Of course I am, darling. I've been sick with worry about you."

"Your sickness wasn't all from worry about Henry," Mrs. Bowers said significantly, looking from Linda to Thad. Linda was glad Mel was not in the room.

"Ma!" protested Effie from her corner near the cot.

"Have you been sick?" Henry asked with concern.

"Not very," Linda answered giving Effie a grateful look and clinging to Henry's hand. "I'll tell you about it later. Now I want to hear about your trip. It must have been terrible.

Later, after Henry had bathed and shaved and they were in their room preparing for bed, Linda reached for Henry's hands and locked them about her neck.

"Now I'll tell you what your mother was trying to tell you down stairs. We're going to have a baby, darling." She looked up at him, waiting for the gladness she knew would spring into his eyes. But it did not come. Instead his fingers unlocked and he stood staring at her.

"No—no!—we can't have anything like that happen—not now!"

(To be continued)

My Proof

By Gladys Wood Randall

Does God love me?
If you could see
The loveliness He gave to me,
All plump and pink and white and new;
Eternal love light shining through
Her baby eyes, as heavenly blue;
If you could hear her infant lips,
So tenderly carved by God's own hand,
Gurgling wordless words of love
That none save I can understand.
What more could I ask of God above?
What more would I need to prove His love?

Ma Pritchard

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

A SWIFT gust of wind rattled the tin roof of the cook shack and sent a flurry of snow flakes driving hard against the window pane that rested above Ma Pritchard's work table. Ma was rolling out pie dough but her troubled eyes watched as the eager flakes formed a tumbled heap on the sill.

"Anyway it's a beautiful storm, Jim," she said consolingly to the boy who leaned against her table."

His rebellious eyes sought the small window. "Yeah? Well, even beauty gets tiresome sometimes."

"Bill told me," Ma continued unruffled, "that even if he has to close down for a while he intends keeping you on."

"Yeah?" eagerly this time.

"Yes, so even if you lose four *or* five days' wages it—"

"It's not the wages that worries me," he interrupted, "even if I shall need every dollar I can get the next two years—it's this storm. I'm not a bear and I'll stagnate if it keeps up much longer."

"If that's the worst you do," Ma thought to herself, as she scraped her board with a knife kept for that purpose. Not for nothing had she been cook with the Clawson Construction Company for twenty years. She knew—how well she knew what the trouble was—knew equally well how hard it was to fight. Aloud she said.

"Have a piece of pie, Jim. Nothing like a full stomach to chase away gloom."

Grumbling he took the knife she proffered, but used it with dexterity. Yet, even the cutting of a second piece after he hastily gulped the first failed to bring a smile to Ma's face. Action — companionship is what youth always wants. Boys came often to this place; and shortly went away men—men that sickened the heart of her. This boy was different and desperately, as a Mother-heart can, she wanted to keep him so. To keep that clear straightforward look in his blue eyes.

Finishing the second piece of pie Jim crossed to the opposite window. Through the storm he could just see the outlines of the Big Tent. From the corner of her eye, Ma watched. She didn't need the sound of coarse laughter to tell her that in the Big Tent De La Rosa and his wily daughter were holding high revelry; welcoming the storm, challenging loneliness, raking in with greedy hands the men's hard earned dollars. Just thinking of them made Ma burn inwardly.

"She's a cute kid, don't you think so?" Jim demanded, knowing Ma's aversions, and contrarily wishing to refute them.

"Cute!" Ma bit the word. "Cute, yes, that describes her exactly. She—"

"Oh, I know what they are," he interrupted. "Camp parasites, living on what the others own. I have kept away from them because—well, that sort of thing doesn't interest me ordinarily; but when there's nothing else to do, there's no harm in going in or even playing a game or two, is there?" The last came defiantly.

Ma chose her words carefully.

"Perhaps not—but after the first letting down the rest comes easy. You know—embrace where we once abhorred—"

He seemed to scarcely hear her and presently when she was lifting pies from the oven he went out.

LATER in his own ten Jim's restlessness increased. All the

books and magazines the camp afforded had been read and re-read. He had written to every one who had the least possible claim on him as a correspondent. An unfinished letter to his Mother lay on his rudely constructed table.

Outside the wind whistled and shrieked. Occasionally the tent strained at its moorings only to fall back with a sudden thud. The tin roof of the cook shack protested loudly at every rising gust. Yet, above the beating of the storm, came the raucous whining of a phonograph; and now and then a voice raised in laughter or anger.

Jim stepped outside. Through the wind-swept night dim lights flickered from two or three tents. Huddled together the men were making the most of their vacation. The light in the big tent held his eyes.

"Cards, booze, and women," he muttered softly, "an unholy combination, yet—I think I'll look on a while."

IN challenge to his thought from behind him came a call borne on the wind.

"Jeem—oh—Jeem."

"Who-oo."

From the gloom a shrouded petite figure flung its self toward him. Eagerly he reached out and grasped her arm. Panting she rested against him.

"Thees so bad storm makes me to lose myself," she laughed. Her slight accent in no wise lessening her appeal.

Echoing her laughter he reassured her.

"Never mind, you are safe now." Yet wondering vaguely how she came to be "lost" in that direction.

"I must not be lost again. Come weeth me. Bad boy, Jeem," she added slyly, "to stay alone thees bad days; Come." She laid both hands on his arm in a gesture that was strictly Dulces'.

Presently Ma reading beside her work table heard the youthful gaity of their voices above the storm and her heart gave a great bound. Trust Dulce to find a way! Dulce and that strong limbed, clean souled boy! Stepping to the door as they passed she asked casually:

"That you, Jim?"

"Yes," he answered gaily. "Did you want something?"

"Nothing much—if you are busy—only you promised to explain them little pamphlets—"

The Mexican girl gave her shawl a warning throw. By the light of the open door her black eyes defied Ma's troubled ones.

"Would you have time now?"

"Why—I—I," he began but the girl spoke quickly.

"No, no. Can you not see he is engage?"

"You come in, too," Ma invited. "We could pop some corn or—"

Dulce's hilarious laughter cut her short.

"Vamoose, Ma. Chase your face away weeth your corn. See, I am now his *dulce carrison*. Is it not so, Jeem?" She added the last boldly, pressing closely and laughing challengingly up at him.

SO Ma turned back to her table alone. To hide the hurt and gain control of herself she began singing in her soft queer way. Jim heard and because he was unspoiled he felt embarrassed and ill at ease. He knew what Ma wanted—and when before had he refused to explain "them little pamphlets"? but the pull on his arm was strong and he went on.

Dulce pulled aside the tent door and they stepped in. Jim stopped short blinking in the light.

The room was blue with smoke; and stale with the pungent odor of frijoles, tobacco, whiskey and unbathed men. At a table a group of them huddled together. Others were sprawled about, cursing—disputing loudly, snoring drunkenly—one was making love to Dulce's slatternly Mother.

"Hey, Jim, come get in the game," someone called. De La Rosa left his place by the card table and came forward smiling sleekly; the rubbing of his hands together was meant to be joyous welcome, to a close observer it might have meant gloating victory. Dulce's soft hand tugged at his arm.

"Come," she urged, but he still hesitated. Outside was the storm; inside, warmth, gratification. For the fraction of an instant the scene changed and incongruously he was back in the old First Ward Meeting House. The windows were open and June's fragrances and June's subdued murmurings lifted his already elated spirit. He had just been ordained a deacon and the awe of it was almost heart-breaking even to his twelve self-sufficient years. His father's hand found his and his understanding voice whispered:

"Remember, Son, wherever you go now, you take the Priesthood with you."

The Priesthood! That which had glorified Abraham, Moses, Elijah—given as an honor, a privilege, a Liahona to his stumbling feet—and he would carry it into this vile place! Jerking loose from the girl's clinging grasp he turned and ran blindly out into the storm.

MA couldn't sleep. She turned and tossed restlessly. She *would* put that boy out of her mind and go to sleep. Anyway he was only one of hundreds that entered this life for a brief fling and then were gone; but her eyes refused to close. Why hadn't she thought of some way to save him? That Dulce! But then, she reasoned, the world is full of Dulces. Later he'd be older tho' and circumstances perhaps wouldn't be so compelling. Pleadingly she prayed:

"Dear Lord, why need there be a first time?"

Sick with apprehension she arose, and going to the door of the tent, looked out. The storm had at last spent itself and the night sparkled frostily. An immense white silence hovered over the hills; enhancing a last-quarter moon that hung low in the west; and vieing with the radiance of innumerable stars. Ma's eyes saw nothing of this white glory. They saw only the big tent. The light within, though dimmed by the sparkling scintillation of the snow threw the shadows of the men in silhouette against the canvas.

A sob trembled on Ma's lips. They were still at it; and it would be the old, old story. She, who had seen so much of drinking, and gambling, and Dulces could still have a heart break when one more boy was caught in their meshes.

She dropped the door flap—then flung it hastily back. Over the brow of the nearest low hill a lone figure threshed its way, heavily, wearily, toward camp. The shoulders drooped, but it was a tired droop; tired from battling with clean elements. In fearful suspense, Ma watched until he entered the right tent. It was Jim. There hadn't been that *first time.*

Crawling back to bed Ma smothered her sobs of gratitude that life was still clean and God watchful in her pillow.

BREAKFAST was over and the men gone when he rushed pell-mell into the kicthen not many hours later.

"By George," he exclaimed boyishly, "I almost forgot to wake up. No, I haven't time to eat—but I wish you'd ask the Boss to mail this letter—if he's going for supplies."

Ma took the letter unashamed of the tears that fell on it.

"It's all right, Ma," he assured her.

"Of course it's all right," she smiled through her tears. "I saw you come in."

Humbly he bent and gave her two kisses.

"One for you," he tried to speak lightly, "and one for her to whom this letter goes. Thank God it carries assurance, not confession."

A Wish for Tomorrow

By Grace Zenor Pratt

I would that after death, I'd find that other sphere
So like the world I know, it will but seem
That I have just awakened from a dream. . . .
And waking, found familiar scenes, more fair.
For I would find a strangeness in that land
Without the mountains with their shadows deep;
The azure sky above some rocky steep;
I trust that heaven may savor some of earth.

I would that after death, those things I love . . .
The swaying trees, the music of the surf,
The desert's silence there afar . . . the emerald turf. . .
The flaming sky; all these to see and know.

I would that grief and sickness, death and sorrow too,
May find no place to wring our hearts with pain,
Nor tears shall need to dim our eyes again,
And perfect day shall follow perfect prayer.
And after silence, may I find friends, true;
That no sharp word or veiled cruel thrust
Shall come to break the bonds of love and trust.
That friendship's pledge be ever strong and true.

And one more wish; the dearest of my heart. . .
That I shall find you there . . . all you, I love,
And earthly faults shall lightly fall away . . .
A perfect peace come to our hearts to stay;
No farewell spoken there forevermore.

I would that in Tomorrow's distant land
We find old gardens; flowers wet with rain,
White terraces, the calling of the sea. . . .
The distant hills of blue . . . so dear to me;
And you to greet me when our work is done;
May I hear your voice there, and touch your hand.

Guides in Buying Textiles

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE GOODS DESIRED

By Vilate Elliott

III

ONE of the household buyer's most perplexing problems is that of judging or evaluating the qualities of the goods which affect its usefulness and discovering which goods are best in proportion to price.

Beyond inspection, experience, and testing, the household buyer in evaluating quality may rely on general market aids such as the repute of the dealer, the advice of clerks, or price. Or she may depend on advertisements or trademarks, or utilize standards or labels wherever they are available.

Some clerks are able and willing to assist the household buyer. Others wilfully mislead, or are no more expert than the buyer in judging quality. Many household buyers rely on price as a guide to quality. Such reliance is founded on the belief that cost of production determines price, that better quality costs more, consequently it has a higher price. It would be much safer for the household buyer to assume that the seller is interested in getting as much as he can for his goods whether quality is superior or inferior and that, unless she can recognize quality, the price may be high even though quality is very low. A high price may be asked in order to appeal to a certain income group. Some people, for example, consider that they can afford $10 or $12 shoes. They look on that amount as a measure of quality. Anything less would not be considered. Consequently some retailers may have to mark up their prices in order to make sales. Inferior goods are sometimes disposed of in this way.

If goods are described in standard terms the household buyer may more readily discover satisfactory goods. Fictitious variety will disappear. Goods can be compared, and so she is more likely to get the best value for her money. The buyer will be able to judge quality independently; she will not have to rely on repute of the dealer or on brand name or price. The use of standards or labels brings other advantages. Price competition is keener. Chase describes the advantages of standards. "The buyer knows exactly what he is getting; the manufacturer knows exactly what he has to produce. Competition must then descend from the cloudy heights of sales appeals and mysticism generally, to just one factor—price."

But it is a common belief that the good is distinguished from the *poor* by price, that quality or general excellence is in proportion to the price. This may or may not be true,—there are many other factors that determine price, supply and demand, the style or fashion, the house from which it was purchased, and numerous other points.

There are people who will not buy unless the price is sufficiently high to justify confidence in its having quality. "When Bayer's patent for aspirin ran out, a well-known American firm of manufacturing chemists introduced its own make of aspirin. Bayer's aspirin was selling for from 79c to $1.00 per hundred. The rival product was distributed to retail stores at a price which permitted them to sell it for 39c per one hun-

dred but it would not sell, the stores were forced to increase the retail price before the public would have any faith in the new product."

Cash and Credit

THE human race has an extraordinary capacity for getting along without things which it believes it needs; it also has an equally extraordinary appetite for things where it is under no restraint. Cash—at least the parting with cash or the lack of cash—provides restraint. It is said a man will order a more elaborate dinner at his club, where he can sign the check and not pay until the end of the month, than he will in a restaurant, where he must pay the waiter before he gets up from the table. The man may be just as certain to pay his club bill promptly as he is to pay the hotel waiter—but somehow there is a difference.

The habit of paying cash is a silent partner that is a real factor in the success of many a home. Furthermore, in trading with cash stores there is a definite saving on prices. Stores which allow credit to any of their customers must fix their prices to cover the cost of extending credit.

However, the charge account has certain advantages. It makes unnecessary the carrying of large sums of money, as well as waiting for change; the charge account identifies the shopper as an established customer of the store; it simplifies matters when purchases are being returned for exchange or refund. But putting your shopping on a cash basis exerts a healthy restraint against over buying.

Sheets and Pillowcases

WHEN you buy sheets and pillowcases, what are your guides? Do you put price or quality first? And how do you judge quality? Sheets and pillowcases are standard household cottons; you have a right to expect service from them. But their length of life depends on the quality of the fabric as well as the care you give them.

As an aid to consumers in judging the quality of sheets and pillowcases on the retail counter, some manufacturers are putting labels on their goods. To be ideal such a label should give the thread count, tensile strength, weight, and amount of sizing. It should also give the length and width and tell whether the sheet is a first or second, also if the material is pre-shrunk.

If you are buying sheeting by the yard, ravel out a thread and break it, and note its strength. Untwist the fibers, see if they are short and fuzzy, fibers vary from one-half inch to one and one-half inches, your sheet should be made of fibers at least one inch long. The better grades of sheeting are made of medium or long stapled cotton.

The thread count of a fabric is the number of yarns per inch both warp and filling; for example, a 72 by 68 thread count means 72 warp yarns per inch and 68 filling yarns per inch. A good sheet has a close firm even weave. You can get some idea of the evenness of the threads by holding it between yourself and a strong light and noting how the warp and filling threads look. Another indication of wearing quality in a fabric is its tensile strength, the private consumer has no way of measuring its tensile strength but other factors will help to note this quality.

If a sheet has defects in the yarn and the weave it is a "second" and should be so labeled. It should be sold at a lower price than a first. These flaws are the weakest part of the sheet. Some flaws affect only the appearance and not the wearing quality. If you know you are buying a second and are sure the defects

are not serious it may be an economical purchase.

Sizing is the starch and other materials used in manufacture to give sheeting a smooth finish. Some sizing is necessary on the warp yarns to keep them from breaking in the loom. "Pure finish" means the minimum amount of sizing. "No weighting" indicates that no heavy materials, such as china clay, were used.

The weight of a sheet minus the sizing is a measure of the amount of cotton you are buying. There are good, durable sheets made in many different weights. Low weight may mean less wear. Sheets that are very light in weight and loosely woven always wrinkle, are uncomfortable to sleep on and do not look well on the bed. On the other hand too heavy sheets are cumbersome to handle, and if you are paying to have your laundry done by the pound, they run up the laundry bill and are not economical in the end. They are also more difficult to launder at home.

On a high quality sheet the hems are closed at the ends and evenly turned. The stitching is fine and even and is fastened securely, if they are hemstitched the work is done neatly and durably. Hemstitched hems tear off more easily than stitched ones.

Know the size of sheet before you buy. Remember the length labeled on a sheet is before hemming, then in all probability the sheet will shrink some even though it is marked preshrunk, also notice if the label is marked "torn" length, if it is, the sheet was torn with the thread of the goods, and the sheet will stay true after washing and have straight flat hems. For general household use sheets should be from 99-108 inches long, torn length; for myself I prefer the 108 inch length, this will allow a generous tuck-in and an ample fold over the top bedding. This fold is necessary, it protects the quilts and blankets from soil and saves laundry bills, the width of sheets for double beds should be 81-90 inches.

A sheet that is too small to be tucked in well under the mattress is a poor investment, as it does not hold firmly in place. If it is too short it will not fold down over the bedding thoroughly. Again it should not be too narrow or the selvage edges will be curled and wrinkled each morning. Your sheet after hemming and laundering will probably measure 8 or 9 inches shorter than the torn length as that amount is taken up in hems and shrinkage for even though it is marked pre-shrunk it will shrink some.

When you buy sheets you select them according to your household needs, your preferences, and your pocket-book. You may want heavy durable muslin to withstand the wear and tear of romping boys or you may be looking for the softest, smoothest fabric you can afford. Whatever you want, you need definite facts as a guide to buying. A good illustration of the kind of facts you need is furnished by the government's specification for the sheets it buys. These are minimum specifications drawn up to meet the requirements of a government hospital or some specific use. They may not describe the type of sheet you want, but they suggest the kind of information that should be furnished you on the labels of the sheets you see in the stores.

Practically all the tests for quality in sheets hold good also for pillowcases. Pillowcases are in fact made of sheeting woven in tubular form or in narrow widths. Pillowcase tubing is easier to make up, and does away with the possibility of a puckered seam.

Also with tubular casing, you can

rip the end seam and remake the case so that the hardest wear comes in a new place, and this gives longer service. As with sheets the fabric for pillowcases should be torn, not cut, and the hems turned evenly so they will iron flat. The stitching should also be well done and even.

It is always wise to have the case a little larger around than the pillow. Too tight cases are under a strain when the pillow is flattened down and soon break. The Federal specifications for pillowcases call for the same weight, count of threads and breaking strength as for sheets. The hems are three inches wide, straight and flat.

A good average width is 42 inches, the length is a matter of personal preference, however a yard is a good length, this gives a three inch hem.

(*To be continued*)

The Bridge

By Blanche Kendall McKey

I see it trail beside the sun-mad brook,
A little shining path that gleamed like gold,
Or like a silver thread beneath the moon
When the day was old;
Violets, far deeper than the sky,
Looked up and smiled, or drooped their heads in sleep;
And, oh, the wind it crooned of mystery,
And what the calling years would bring to me!

Cities alive in splendor and pride,
Cities as dead as their pomp that passed;
Stately vessels that breathed on the tide,
Like white-sailed dreams that never last;
Sorrow and greed and treachery,
Laughing eyes that mocked at me;
Glad warm hearts and friendly hands—
And ever the lure of distant lands!

What a quest, wherein we seek and never find—
Rainbow hopes that fade into the sun!
Real worlds, dream worlds, and worlds where Science delves,
You have failed me all—but one:
Alluring little path beside the sun-mad stream—
Stretching from my childhood to the very core of me—
Because of tender memories and love that still persists,
Your winding meets the skyline, where starts Eternity!

The Blue Envelope

By Estelle Webb Thomas

ANNE would never have thought another thing about it if Richard had not acted—well, so sort of furtive. She had never opened a letter addressed to Richard, with the exception of bills, and would have thought him inexcusably rude if he had opened one of hers. Not that they ever held secrets—she always read any bits she thought might interest him between crunchy bites of toast or sips of cocoa and he usually, after a brief and concentrated perusal, tossed his across the table with a brusk, "Want to read it?" and never thought of it again, unless it was a business letter, until she forced him to answer it.

But this was different. She had noticed the blue envelope among the others when he had brought in the mail, and had meant to ask about it, but there had been for her one of Aunt Jane's long, complaining epistles and by the time she had waded dutifully through it, Richard had done the strange thing which made it impossible for her to ask.

Looking up absently from Aunt Jane's long list of symptoms to supply Dicky's imperative need of cream, she had seen Richard quietly slip the letter in the blue envelope into an inside coat pocket and ostentatiously pick up a second letter and break the seal before she could ask about it. Such nuances in behaviorism meant nothing to Peggy, however, and she said, with her mouth full of oatmeal, "That's a pretty letter, Daddy, who sent it to you?" Richard, too deeply absorbed in his second letter, made no answer, but Peggy persisted, "Was it a lady, Daddy? Was it a pretty lady wrote that pretty letter?"

"Eat your oatmeal, Peggy, if you're going to walk to the corner with Daddy, and don't disturb me when I'm reading!"

Richard spoke in that authoritative tone Anne had so often admired in the Carsons and tried vainly to emulate, but this morning she was not thinking of Richard's admirable parental control, but was wondering, even as Peggy, who might be the writer of the mysterious blue letter. "Mysterious!" she thought, with a smile for her own foolishness, "How dramatic I am! It's already mysterious!" But she rather hoped he *would* mention it before he went.

ALL the morning, as she went, more or less automatically, through the daily routine, she was conscious of it, a faint irritation in the back of her mind. Once when Peggy, asking the same question for the third time, said plaintively, "What's the matter, Mother, you don't talk?" she answered, with a rueful little laugh, "I suppose I've got the envelope blues, Peggy!" and contritely kissed the bewildered little face.

AT noon Margaret telephoned to ask if she were going to Cousin Sara's quilting. "You know she expects us promptly at one." "Oh, Margaret!" Anne laughed guiltily, "I'd forgotten!"

Margaret's tone was chilly. "You always do, Anne. That's why I 'phoned. You must bring the children over here, as usual. They'll be all right with Janice. And for pity's sake. don't be late! You know

this is the big event of Cousin Sara's life!"

"Oh, yes!" As if Anne didn't know as well as Margaret, all about poor shut-in Sara and the quilt, which was bestowed with so much pomp and ceremony the following Christmas on one of the relatives who gathered each twentieth day of March (Cousin Sara's birthday) to help quilt it. These two occasions, the making and the giving of the quilt were indeed the big days in Cousin's restricted life. The gossip, the laughter, the little birthday gifts, the sly guesses as to the lucky quilter and her own coy secrecy together with the dainty refreshments always provided by faithful old Mary at four o'clock—the inevitable birthday cake, all its tiny candles blazing, dignifying the center of the tea-table, all this was touchingly familiar to Anne. She had just forgotten that this particular day was the twentieth of March. She had been so preoccupied—with a shrug she mentally consigned the annoying blue enveloped letter to the waste basket and hurried Peggy and Dicky with their lunch while she made a swift but careful toilet, for it was one of Sara's mandates that they must all come "dolled up in their best bib and tucker" it made it seem more like a party.

MARGARET was waiting with visibly controlled impatience when Anne arrived with the children, although there was ample time for the short drive to the old homestead where Sara lived alone with her faithful Mary.

Anne, who always diminished in Margaret's presence, felt at once like a charming and important person at Cousin Sara's reception of her and she mentally resolved never again to forget her hostess' "Day." All the female relatives, "natural and legal," as Richard put it, who lived anywhere near were present and the room buzzed with the lifted, excited voices women unconsciously assume on such occasions.

Anne, flatteringly attentive to Cousin Sara's chirping monologue with smiling glances for fat Aunt Sabra's wheezing interruptions, was suddenly conscious of a staccatic conversation in progress behind her.

"Phyllis Thornton."

"Who? Not—"

"Yes, *the* Phyllis Thornton. You certainly remember *her!* Why, Richard was crazy about her! She was—"

"Sh-sh-sh!"

Anne's ears reddened. She could almost see the nudge and nod toward her. She gave a gay little laugh. "Well, you certainly were a little flirt, Cousin Sara, you deserved what you got!" Cousin Sara laughed proudly, "Oh, I kept them guessing!"

"—heard from her this morning."

Anne had lost a little of the other dialogue.

"And she's actually coming back here! Whatever for?"

"Lecture tour. This town is in her itinerary, she says. I imagine she had it put in for old time's sake. We never have lecturers."

"What's she lecture about?"

"Oh, you know she's quite a famous Interior decorator! After Rich—after they broke off—" the voice was discreetly lowered," she went to New York and took up decorating. They say she's one of the best—"

It was Anne's turn at the quilt, now, and as her flying fingers took tiny, even sticthes in the "Colonial Rose" design, her flying mind was putting two and two together and making a great deal more than four out of the addition.

Phyllis Thornton. Of course she had heard of Phyllis Thornton. To

be perfectly frank she had heard more than she relished about Phyllis Thornton. To be sure, Richard had not unduly sung her praises, but Margaret had made sure that the new teacher, when Richard's attentions became marked, realized that her predecessor had been something to live up to. "She was wonderful, Anne, so beautiful and talented! But she just wasn't domestic-minded enough to please Richard." Anne had later suspected that the rejected Phyllis had been just a little too strong minded to suit either Richard or Margaret, the Carsons preferring a corner in that trait themselves. But now she was gone Margaret insisted on strewing her memory with lovely bouquets at every opportunity. Even Richard had said, with masculine fatuity, that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and though Anne made no great pretenses to beauty, that speech rather jarred.

Still, it had never occurred to Anne to be jealous of Phyllis Thornton. In the first place Anne did not believe in jealousy. She thought it a very ignoble emotion and had a fine scorn for women who suffered its pangs. She had always felt it an insult to Richard to doubt the faithfulness of his love—she still did—but why did that woman have to come to Centerville? Centerville had no use for Interior decorators. It was hardly out of the golden oak age.

Anne, furiously quilting, could picture just how sophisticated and well-groomed the beautiful Phyllis would look. "I suppose her hands never touched dish-water! Wonder if they'll meet her with a brass band!" And then, with an almost physical stab there shot into her consciousness the memory of the blue letter! Frances had "heard from her that morning." Had Richard? Had Phyllis actually written Richard to tell him she was coming to Centerville? And instead of tossing the letter to his wife with a laugh for the nerve of the woman, he had furtively pocketed it and said nothing! But perhaps it was something entirely different. Would an interior decorator use such lurid stationary? Anne had an insane impulse to shout at Frances across the room, "Was Phyllis' letter blue, Frances?" But she laughed instead, and Margaret looked affronted, for she had just got to the cost of the floral decorations at John's grandmother's funeral.

"Why, Anne, you've pricked your finger! Here, take my handkerchief, you mustn't get a spot on that delicate white block—Cousin Sara would have to give it to you then, for sure!"

Anne smiled mechanically and allowed her finger to be tied up. Smiled some more and laughed a great deal as she nibbled the things Mary handed her, though she couldn't have told five minutes later what they were.

THAT was what hurt, she thought dully, going home in the car with Margaret. The way Richard had acted. You never could tell what a silly woman might do, but one did expect a certain course of action from one's husband. She had thought she knew Richard so well! As Margaret prepared to get out of the car she plunged the knife in deeper, "Oh, by the way, Anne, Frances tells me that Phyllis Thornton—you know, Richard's old sweetheart—she's a famous interior decorator, now—is giving a lecture here next Thursday night. Won't that be wonderful! You mustn't forget to tell Richard! I must see how long she is staying so that we can entertain her if possible. Frances is an old girlhood chum, but I really was ra-

ther hurt when it was not me she wrote to!

ALL during the evening, while she fed, bathed and got the weary children to bed, she was trying to decide what attitude to take toward Richard when he came home. Should she let him know that she knew Phyllis was coming and laughingly accuse him of concealing the fact from her? He might have a perfectly reasonable explanation of his failure to mention the letter in the blue envelope. Or should she ignore the matter and let him be the first to mention it? If she could only forget his furtiveness when the letter arrived!

She did not know if she was glad or sorry when he telephoned that he would not be home until late, "something important had come up," and not to wait dinner. She went listlessly to bed, suddenly weary and disspirited.

THE next week, outwardly like any other, was one long inward torment to Anne. A feeling of constraint was in the air. She fancied Richard eyed her strangely at times, and that he was on the point of saying something important once or twice.

As for herself, she found it increasingly impossible to mention that woman's name. If he had only come home that first evening when she was in the mood to challenge him gayly—even though with an undercurrent of earnestness—or if she had even, as she later felt inclined to, accused him angrily, it might have cleared the air, but now the time for frank discussion was past, and Anne went about her work in dull, resentful silence, hardening her heart against Richard's hurt puzzlement, he needn't pretend he didn't know what was the matter.

ON Wednesday, as she soused little woolens in foamy suds, her thoughts abstracted, her movements automatic, the telephone rang and Margaret's imperative voice greeted her, "Anne? What do you think? Phyllis did write me after all! She is coming on the six-thirty, and her lecture doesn't commence till eight. That gives ample time for quite an elaborate dinner, don't you think? I know she had something of the kind in her mind; she said how she looked forward to seeing everybody and she did hope for a real visit with some of the dearest old friends—you know—I feel I can't do less than have a little dinner with as many of her old crowd as I can handle—Frances says she isn't going to do anything—there'll be you and Richard—what did you say?"

"I'm not an old friend, Margaret, I never saw the woman—you can—"

"Oh, bother! What of it! Richard could hardly come without you, could he? But that wasn't what I called you about," Margaret rushed on, talking down Anne's continued attempts to refuse the invitation. "Will you let me take your Patrician silver? And those glasses Cousin Sara gave you for a wedding present? I can do for everything else, but you might bring half a dozen napkins. There's John calling. Well, good-bye! I'll count on you."

Suddenly, standing by the telephone, which seemed still to ring with the echo of Margaret's decisive voice, Anne began to cry. All the resentment, fear and suspicion of the past week welled up and dropped from her eyes in great, scalding tears. She threw herself into a chair and wept wildly, uncontrollably. From the dark recesses of her mind she brought out old grievances, forgotten snubs from Margaret, tactless speeches of Richard's that had left an unacknowldeged bruise. Every

buried heart-ache of her married life was dug up and tears shed over its desecrated grave. She almost felt she hated the Carsons! How alien they were to her! Even Richard seemed like an unfriendly stranger. And Anne's "good cry" ended in homesick sobbing for her dear, understanding, elder sister Katherine. Katherine who had been both sister and mother to little motherless Anne, and whose dear face she had not seen for six years.

That was a big part of her trouble she decided, washing her swollen eyes in cold water, she was lonely for Katherine. And it had been so long since she had heard! Thursday, fatal day, was also her birthday, and Katherine's gift, to which she always looked forward childishly, and which usually came days early, had not yet arrived. Well, she was sure that Richard, always a trifle groggy as to dates, would never remember it now, and if Katherine failed her too—

THURSDAY, unaware of its fateful importance in the affairs of Centerville, dawned with no more display of natural phenomena than any other day. The sun came over the mountain, homes awoke, water boiled, oatmeal was cooked, bacon fried, toast burned. School bells rang, whistles blew, trucks lumbered by, as callously as if this day was not to see the finish of all Anne Carson's marital happiness.

Well, she had decided one thing. She was not going to Margaret's dinner. Let them think what they wished! She would not go through that! She packed in a box the things Margaret had asked for and giving the package to Richard as he left said coldly, "Please take these things to Margaret this morning, Richard, I've written a note telling her I don't feel like attending her dinner this evening. Of course, that needn't make any difference with your going!"

Richard looked disturbed. "Is Margaret pulling a dinner tonight? I can't go, either. I—I've made other arrangements."

So that was how it was! He was having a private rendezvous with Phyllis! Why, Margaret's dinner was infinitely preferable to that! If she had planned to go, Richard could hardly have refused. Well, it was too late now. With vicious energy Anne turned to her house cleaning.

It was six o'clock. Already the Winter dusk had fallen and the little room was cheerful in the glow from softly shedded lights. Anne, in the new blue dress, with which she had meant to surprise Richard on her birthday, sat before the glowing fire undressing Dicky. Peggy, in her little chair near by, placidly rocked her doll. From Anne's face all the bitter tenseness of the past week was gone. It was pale and pensive, but the storm had passed. As she worked with desperate energy that day she had thought out the situation and come to her decision. Richard had failed her but there were still her children, she would live for them. Their happiness was all that mattered now, they were of paramount importance. Even Katherine, it seemed had forgotten her. Well, she would forget herself, and devote the rest of her life in unselfish service to these poor little victims of another marriage gone on the rocks. The children, little human barometers, felt the change in her temperature and basked in it.

THERE was the sound of car wheels on the gravel. Peggy flattened her nose against the window. "One's daddy!" she announced, "and a lady, and a man and a girl, yes, and a boy!"

The door burst open. The room was suddenly full of shouts and laughter.

Anne rose, bewildered.

"Anne!"

"Oh, Katherine!"

"Did we surprise you?"

"Happy birthday!"

"And these are the children? Aren't they darling!"

"And this is little Katie and Frank!"

Through her happy tears Anne was suddenly conscious of Richard's dear familiar face beaming at her from the background and his voice exclaiming, "Never again say I can't keep a secret! I've known this for a week!"

"Yes, we had to let him know so he could meet us, and make sure you'd be at home," said Katherine, smiling at her brother-in-law.

"Was—was it the letter in the blue envelope?" Anne asked faintly.

Richard looked blank. "Yes, I believe it was blue," Katherine answered, laughing, "I remember I had to borrow an envelope from Katie here, and she rather runs to highly colored stationery!"

"I noticed that envelope," said Anne, and smiled secretly at all that simple statement covered.

"We'll have to excuse Richard," Anne announced two hours later as they still lingered about the dinner table. "His old sweetheart and my hated rival is lecturing on Interior Decorating in the Social Hall tonight!"

"Oh, is this the night?" Richard paused in the midst of a long political discussion with Katherine's husband to ask, "Margaret did say something about Phyllis speaking here this week, but I'd forgotten the date. Well, it would be nice to see how Phyl has weathered through, but I hardly feel equal to a lecture on Interior Decorating, even for old times sake. Not tonight."

Help Me to Stand the Test

By Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

Father, when the clouds of life are darkest,
Help me to know that all is best for me;
And though the worst of storms may gather oft,
Calm thou my spirit while I breast the sea.
Help me to understand thy will is right,
Though I myself do often go astray.
Guide thou my every footstep on life's path;
Oh, help thou me to tread the narrow way.

I ask that thou wilt still the storm for me;
It may be best to rend with lightning flash.
Help me to bear affliction's thorns of pain;
And guide me, Father, that I may not dash
My frail bark against the rugged rocks.
Help me to stand the test; to reach the goal,
Though angry billows surge like mountains high:
May never cruel wave engulf my soul.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

AUGUST—Now gracious summer spreads her richest viands for man's delight.

RUTH BRYAN OWEN, United States minister to Denmark, received and entertained the delegation in charge of the covered wagon sent from Utah to Denmark's historic park. At the same time she learned many interesting facts pertaining to pioneering in her own country.

MISS ANN MORGAN, president of the American Woman's Association has been awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters by the Russell Sage College.

PROFESSOR MAUD MAY BABCOCK of Utah has been nominated for president of the National Association of Teachers of Speech. She is the first nominee from the western states.

LILLIAN TEMPLETON, movie stylist began her career by designing gowns for Anne Harding while she was her secretary. She is noted for originality of design and is now a famous studio stylist.

MADAM LE BRUN, wife of the president of France on her recent visit to the United States and during her entertainment at the White House was asked by the women of the press "If when at home she traveled around like Mrs. Roosevelt." "Oh, no," she answered, "at home I am nothing, and besides I have a home and four grandchildren."

QUEEN MARY at her last court was more regal than ever in her irridescent gown under her blue and gold court train. She wore the loveliest of her three crowns, the one with the great Kohinoor diamond and the three matchless African diamonds. Eleven American girls were presented, among them Helen Jacobs, the tennis champion.

ANY woman in Germany may receive financial assistance when her children are born. In fact practically all countries except the United States provide maternity insurance in some form.

HELEN WILLS MOODY and Helen Jacobs, again rivals at Wimbledon this summer in the tennis tournament, played a most sensational game in which Mrs. Moody again became champion.

TAMARA KOUTANONA established the world's record parachute jump for women. She leaped 25,426.4 feet from an airplane without oxygen apparatus.

MADAM SCHUMANN-HEINK'S philosophy expressed on her 74th birthday was to believe that every one loves her, and she loves everybody, and that is happiness.

LILY PONS, metropolitan star will appear this season in the films, while Grace Moore of motion picture fame has accepted an offer from the Metropolitan Opera Company.

MONICA SHANNON of California is the winner this year of the Newberry medal for the most distinguished juvenile book. "Dobey" is the title.

MARJORIE BARSTOW, A. C. Craig, Esther Forbes, Evalyn Walsh McLean and Rita Halle Kleeman all have new novels ready for the fall.

ETHEL MANNING'S new book, "Forever Wandering" and Jean Toussaint-Sonat's "Ships Aflame," are among the new popular novels.

We Meet the Jonses

By Mabel S. Harmer

IN the pre-depression days we thought very little of taking the family car and driving down town two or three evenings a week to see the current movies. We shouldn't have dreamed of passing up a concert on the Master Musician series.

And then suddenly the stock market took its memorable dive and pushed all the best South American Revolutions on to the second page. Not being particularly acquainted with the gyrations of stock markets, we impatiently asked, "Well, what of it?"

Only for a little while did we say, "What of it?" Presently we found that the public wasn't buying our electrical fixtures this year and the money that hitherto had been freely spent for picture shows was needed desperately for half soles for Peter's shoes and to placate the milkman.

And so after sitting alone by the evening fire for some weeks we suddenly said, "Let's call on the Joneses. That nice young couple who live down the street. We've always intended to—but never found time before."

In high spirits we sallied forth to call on the Joneses. We found them engrossed in the fascinating game of anagrams and after playing with them an evening decided to invest in a set for our own amusement.

On the Joneses return visit we invited in the Browns, who live next door, and each made a booklet of our past, present and future. The booklet was formed of several sheets of paper folded together and filled with pictures cut from illustrated magazines. It was indeed surprising to learn that Mrs. Brown had been a trainer of wild animals and that Mr. Jones' future hope was to be a dictator of Russia.

We spent several delightful evenings during the winter by getting a group of ten or twelve friends together and inviting someone in to review a recent book or play. We even went back to our youthful days —borrowed the children's sleds and had a coasting party. We had almost forgotten what a glorious feeling it is to rush over the glistening snow on a frosty, moonlight night.

On another occasion when a group met together each couple brought one game for the entertainment. The Smiths had taken colored pictures from magazines and cut them into jigsaw puzzles and mixed them all together. Each guest was given a key piece and labored diligently to be the first to put his puzzle together.

Mrs. Perkins began telling a story and invited each one to add something to it. Imagination ran high and it was not surprising that a story which began on the plains of Wyoming, ended in a Persian garden.

Mr. Brown came armed with a small blackboard and the names of a dozen songs on separate slips of paper. Each person in turn made a drawing on the blackboard illustrating his song. If the group failed to guess the name of the song, the artist was required to sing it.

We hope with the rest of the country that the darkest days of the depression are over and that we can soon read of a two dollar concert without breathing a sigh of envy and turning the page to the vital statistics. But in the meantime we are so glad that we learned that all entertainment does not require a lavish expenditure of money—and that we met the Joneses.

The Women's National Radio Committee

THOREAU once summed up modern civilization in these words, "Improved means to unimproved ends."

The radio is one of our most wonderful "improved means" for finer living. Each year the messages broadcasted reach more and more homes and it is thus becoming one of the greatest influences in the cultural life of the nation. Women are always interested in the finer aspects of life and realizing the opportunities of the radio for "improved ends" if properly controlled, the "Women's National Radio Committee" was organized. "The National Woman's Relief Society" is associated with this committee.

Their aim is to improve radio programs, to stimulate a wider appreciation of the many fine programs on the air and a fuller utilization of the radio as an instrument of entertainment and culture. The following is a summary of the history of the organization, their accomplishments and their aim. We feel sure that each member of the Relief Society will co-operate wholeheartedly in this program.

—*Kate M. Barker.*

History

What it is.
What it has accomplished.
What it hopes to achieve.

The Women's National Radio Committee, founded by Mme. Yolanda Mero Irion and Mrs. Harold Vincent Milligan in July, 1934, was officially organized on September 23, 1934. Twenty-three national societies were represented at the meeting, as well as magazine editors, and key women of the organization world.

Purpose

The purpose of the Women's National Radio Committee is to obtain a higher standard of radio programs by constructive methods.

Methods of Operation

Conferences will be held frequently between representatives of the Women's National Radio Committee, the radio industry, and the Government agency which controls radio—the Federal Communications Commission. Suggestions for the improvement of radio programs will be made, and objectionable features discussed.

Direct contact will be maintained with program directors of radio companies and advertising agencies, to inform them of trends in listeners' attitudes.

Awards will be presented annually for the best radio programs to encourage sponsors.

What the Committee Has Accomplished

In the brief space of time which has elapsed since the organization of the Committee, it has achieved Federal recognition; has succeeded in having an objectionable program taken off the air with the cooperation of the Government agencies concerned; has had an article published in Printers' Ink, outlining the likes and dislikes of women with regard to radio advertising; was invited to participate in the radio institute of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education at Columbus, Ohio, on May 7; was invited to take part in the Government conference on radio in education at Washington on May 15; and has

successfully induced Columbia Broadcasting System to clean up radio advertising, and to eliminate the blood-and-thunder from children's programs, after the expiration of present contracts.

What The Press Has to Say

Orrin E. Dunlap, Radio Editor of the *N. Y. Times,* on May 19, said: "It seems that the listeners' mail has not been in vain, nor have the efforts of the Women's National Radio Committee . . . which has for many months been campaigning for a cleanup of what they call distasteful advertising."

Nick Kenny, Radio Editor of the *N. Y. Mirror,* on May 21, wrote: "It seems to me that the Women's National Radio Committee should take a bow for the announcement by CBS that starting July 30 it will ban objectionable programs from the air-limit the amount of advertising in sponsored programs, and generally improve programs for children."

Future Plans

While an excellent beginning has been made, there is much to be accomplished. Radio advertising on all stations must be freed from misleading statements about articles of dubious value which may be harmful to the gullible or uninformed; the standard of all programs must be raised if America is to have any cultural life in the next decade; and listeners must be impressed with the importance of registering their opinions regarding radio programs.

Where to Write

Send all letters concerning radio programs to: Women's National Radio Committee, 113 West 57th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Think Twice

(A Sonnet)

By Bertha A. Kleinman

If you must tell another of his fault,
Think twice, then tell him of his good deeds first,
No creature lives so erring and at fault
But fails the more if painted at his worst.
If you must judge and censure and condemn,
Think twice if there be something you can praise,
He has his virtues, concentrate on them,
And watch him measure to a nobler phase.
If you must score another for his wrong,
If yours the right of verdict and appeal,
Think twice 'ere yet you pass the ill along,
If there be something worthy to reveal.
Thus shall your judgment lift to higher plane,
And he you judge shall courage find again.

Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella Marler Hoggan

KEEP SWEET

"For the world is full of roses,
And the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips for me and you."
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

LOVE is the divine spark within us that makes us kindred of the Most High. It is the law, the harmony, that holds the planets in their orbits, and clothes the earth with beauty, and inhabits it with life.

Perfect love casts out all bitterness and fear, and heals the troubled heart. It is the universal language, the universal religion, of the children of men.

Love is the leaven in the bread of life,
That lightens and sweetens and enriches the whole;
'Tis the magic portion we must all remember,
When we journey with the Master to feed man's soul.

Tolstoy said, "Where love is, there God is, also."

Jesus told the scribe, that to love God with all one's heart, soul, mind, and strength, is the first commandment. And to love one's neighbor as oneself, is the second.

"There is none other commandment greater than these," said He.

Have our hearts been touched by the finger of love? Do we walk in the sunshine of gratitude and sweet content? Or, are we among the women who sit at the cross-roads of life, hugging about their shoulders dark mantles of disappointment and bitterness?

Have the years really been unkind to us, or have we failed in some measure to play the game of life according to the rules?

"Hate seed in the heart can not produce a love flower in the life," says Orison Swett Marden. "We can not expect to get the fragrant breath of the rose from sowing the thistle seed."

OUT of the memories of the past we build the foundation for the

future. All of the daily comforts that we enjoy; every precious heritage that we possess; yes, even the flag and the cross, were bought with a price. Do we appreciate the sacrifices that have been made for our security and happiness?

Like climbing vines, our souls are forever reaching heavenward. But as our tendrils measure a little higher on the wall of life, from day to day, we may cultivate a certain deep content in present blessings. Out of our work-a-day possessions we may create the beauty and loveliness with which we surround ourselves.

What growth and development and happiness can we carry from each day's experiences? What sweet memories, what wholesome truths, will lend themselves to the years?

Life is bitter-sweet, and often joy and sorrow walk hand in hand. It is for us to learn to transmute the darkening clouds into rainbows of promise. "As long as we look toward despair," says Marden, "we shall never arrive at the harbor of delight."

THOSE who put off too long the cultivation of the sweeter graces, lose the vision of the beautiful. Frank Crane said, "Happiness is the perfume of the rose of love."

When little disappointments, trivial cares, and irritating failures, chafe the soul and tempt the heart into hateful reactions, keep sweet, oh friend. It will not be long until such small trials will have passed out of memory.

If, in these days of economic distress, wealth or position or power shall slip away from one, like sand through the fingers, keep sweet, dear heart. Brighter visions will rise out of the ashes of dead hopes. The bird of promise will wing its way back, with the coming of the spring.

When bowed low in the revealing pain of sorrow, keep sweet, brave soul. Life can not be patterned all in golden gladness. Along every path there are altars and little graves. Even Mary, stood in the shadow of the cross. But did she not see her beloved son walk forth in glory from the dark tomb?

It is the bitterness, and not the pain and the loss, that leaves scars that time cannot erase. The high heart that glimpses the vision above the cross; that glorifies every great loss to the soul's eternal uplifting, will find glad memories at the sacred shrine of its treasures.

Whenever you get to the end of the world and feel sure that the rainbow has dropped out of the sky, and that the stars have lost their luster, remember, there is a tomorrow.

All of the joy of the waiting years may be held in the dawning of that new day. You can not possibly know what lovely awakening of heart and soul, may come out of that hour that is just ahead.

Let not bitterness or fear or disappointed hopes, undo the good that has been done. Always and forever, new light, new truth, new joy, are bursting forth from the burning bush for our comfort and our salvation.

Romance is reaching out rosy fingers to us all along the way. She is holding gifts of rare worth in the palm of her open hand, for those who are ready to accept them. Edwin Markham says,

"Nothing is lost forever that the soul
Cried out for: All is waiting at the goal."

And again,

"God is not foiled: the drift of the World Will
Is stronger than all wrong. Earth and her years,
Down Joy's bright way or Sorrow's longer road,
Are moving toward the Purpose of the Skies."

The crimson rays of the glad day of promise are already lighting up the eastern sky. Let us meet that day with our faces toward the light.

"The soul of man," says Frank Crane, "is journeying from chaos to law; and the road is love."

Most assuredly love must be one of the treasures we should hold safe in the magic chest of our golden store.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Contest

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Two prizes are awarded—a first prize consisting of $20, and a second prize consisting of $10. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit not winning special awards, receive honorable mention. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine,* and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem that it is entered in the contest.

8. The contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

9. Members of the General Board, and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

10. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

11. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

12. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

13. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Banner for Three

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

EVER since she could remember, Sylvia had wanted white slippers. She had cried when she was five because her parents bought "sensible black" instead of white. Perhaps if her childish fancy had been realized, she would not feel, now, that each pair of black she was forced to buy for two year old Gloria was slowly chaining down the dancing feet of her babe.

White shoes were more to Sylvia than mere shoes. They were a symbol of beauty and success. If she and Bill had only themselves and Gloria to take care of, it would have been different, but having to provide for Bill's widowed mother and two younger sisters necessitated strict economy. White shoes could not be included in such an overstrained budget.

With their salary cut in half, it was difficult to keep up the appearance which Bill's position demanded. But that was her job and she gloried in it. No one would dream that her clever clothes were creations of her own ingenious making. Sylvia found real joy in all she did to help her ambitious husband, for Bill was so appreciative of her splendid management of their income.

While Sylvia sat waiting for the clerk to bring new shoes to try on little Gloria, the old desire for white tempted her, as it always did. Gloria's dainty clothes called so plainly for white. They were only fifty cents more than the black, but—fifty cents would buy Gloria a new pair of stockings or material for a dress. Her practical mind fought against the desire in her heart.

She made a mental calculation of the money in her purse. Exactly three dollars. The white shoes were two-ninety-five. That would not even leave enough for carfare home. She could walk, it was worth it. Then she thought of the long blocks ahead. How foolish! Of course, she would be sensible and take the black. It always ended this way.

Suddenly, she became aware of the delicate fragrance of costly perfume, as a beautifully dressed woman and small boy passed to take seats across the aisle. Sylvia could not help watching the handsome child so perfectly attired from head to foot in spotless white. There was something disturbingly familiar in the face of the little boy. Sylvia glanced at the mother. Something cold suddenly gripped her heart. All the old jealousy, which she thought she had buried with the past, swept over her again, as she recognized June Forrester, the girl who had tried to lure Bill away from her. June had nearly accomplished her purpose, but Sylvia's patient love and surprising cleverness had won out after a bitter struggle against June and her wealth.

All her life June had wrested from life every bounty it offered, everything but the thing she desired most, Bill's love. She might have won him, if she had not foolishly hinted what her dowry would mean to him. Indignant, Bill had replied that his success in life would not depend upon the gift of any woman. All he asked was a wife who was willing to live on what he could earn. One who would help him climb. With wounded pride, he came back to the sympathetic understanding he always found in Sylvia, repentant for having strayed away.

The gardenia, nestling against the

sheen of June's black furs, filled Sylvia with a burning desire to show June that Bill's success had not depended upon a dowry. She glanced at the child across the aisle. White shoes on June's little son, and she, Sylvia was buying black for Bill's daughter. She almost laughed at the irony of it. A pair of baby shoes, such a trifling matter, but she knew how important it would be in the squeamish mind of the other woman. On this one point alone, June would think Bill a pitiful failure, and Sylvia could not stand that.

She knew by instinct that June had seen her, and was wondering about Bill. It seemed to Sylvia that his pride was at stake. She could not fail him at a time like this. To her belonged the joyous duty of carrying their banner through the fire of another woman's glance. Their Banner—a pair of little white shoes. Even if they were impractical, what a small price to pay for pride. It wasn't the shoes, but what they stood for that counted.

The clerk returned with two pairs of little shoes, one white, one black. Holding them out, he asked, "Which do you prefer, Madam?"

Sylvia hesitated for one imperceptible moment, then replied, "Try the white shoes, please."

The clerk tied the laces, then lifted the beaming Gloria down to parade before them. The unusual beauty of the shoes caught the fancy of the radiant child. Bending over she patted them lovingly.

"Pwity, Muddo, Pwity," lisped Gloria.

Sylvia, looking first at the little white shoes, then down at her purse, glanced across at June. Their eyes met. They nodded, and a look of triumphant determination lighted Sylvia's face. She would keep their banner flying. Opening her purse with as much assurance as if it held hundreds, she took out the three dollars. Handing them to the clerk, she said, "Those shoes will do. She will wear them."

BAD NEWS FOR WOMEN SMOKERS

The growing popularity of smoking among women is responsible for an increase of cancer of the mouth, says Dr. Walter Gray Crump, professor of surgery for Flower Hospital, New York City, and an authority on cancer research. Dr. Crump, speaking at the annual convention of the American Institute of Homeopathy, the first week in June, explained that a few years ago cancer of the mouth among women was unknown but that today it is equally common among both sexes. Hot foods and drinks are the chief cause of cancer of the stomach, representing one-third of all cancers, he said, and he also criticized tight corsets and other underclothing as causes of cancer. —*The Union Signal.*

Foreshadowed Grief

By Merling Dennis Clyde

Sometime we two must part, my darling one,
And then the lonely road that stretches on
Will hold the steady tramp of footsteps done
In measured tread by feet with music gone;
Your tender laugh will echo through my brain
To torment for the hours we lost to pain.
Your lips that fed my soul will lie so still;
Forgiving words unsaid will warp and tear
My bleeding heart until I cannot bear
To think;—and stubborn pride that would not fill
The want that gnawed the fibre from our joy—
Poor fools who used God's gift to serve as toy.
A cankered sore to mar the golden hours—
Grave sin the moments lost from love like ours.

Wish

By Carrie Tanner

Oh, to be like fruit—ripe and firm—
Gathered while yet is heard sweet song
Of happy bird in leafy tree,
When stillness of that dreamy peace
Invites new beauties to prolong
Their stay, and lend their cheering warmth
To bright autumnal glow.
Not to remain and wither there
Ungathered, or perchance decay,
Or hang too long on cheerless bough
To freeze when comes the chilling blast
That tells too soon of winter's day,
And fall unwanted through the mist
Of whirling flakes of covering snow.

Ownership

By Helen M. Livingston

The owner of the grand estate
  Walked out and said, "These lands are mine."
With pomp, he pointed out their width,
  Then proudly took his guests to dine.

His gardener watched the guests go past,
  Then softly singing took his spade.
He viewed the gentle flower-crest slopes
  And sensed the harmony they made.

He gathered peace from lily rows,
  He plucked delight from violet hills.
Found sweet serenity in trees.
  And planted joy with daffodils.

The owner of the vast estate
  Walked out and said, "Behold my lands."
And he had never turned soft sod,
  Nor felt moist loam against his hands.

Notes From the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

Cassia Stake

THE courage, interest and fine community spirit of our Stake Presidents is again in evidence in the splendid work accomplished by the Cassia Stake. Sister Effie H. Walker, the Relief Society Stake President, is responsible for the very fine account of the work which was done during the latter part of last year. For a number of months the people of Oakley had been without a resident physician. The nearest medical aid was to be had in Burley, more than twenty miles away. The former physician had cooperated very splendidly with the Relief Society in the health work, so that his departure from the community was felt as a distinct loss. However, some of the Priesthood Authorities, together with the Relief Society, devised a plan by which they could give to the people of the community the greatly needed medical service. The wheat interest money held by the Relief Society of the stake furnished the source of revenue for the project, and a minimum charge was made to the people who could afford to pay something. Dr. David Rees, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, arranged to come from Twin Falls at regular intervals and hold a clinic. The home of one of the Ward Presidents was used as a temporary hospital, where beds and everything necessary to do the operating work most successfully, were provided, and nurses were in attendance. There were 130 operations, in addition to many cases of medical advice and consultation. It was an enormous saving in health to the community. Sister Walker has this to say of Dr. Rees, who has now gone to Australia, to assume the Presidency of the Australian Mission: "Dr. and Sister Rees have been attended by such a sweet spirit, as have also those others who have assisted, that it has been one of the most joyous experiences we have had in our Relief Society work." The gratitude, love and prayers of the people go with Brother and Sister Rees.

Alberta Stake.

IN spite of the difficulties which the Alberta Stake has had to encounter, it has to its credit an enviable record of activities. During the time when the price of wool was very low, a quilt drive was made throughout the Stake, and 672 quilts filled with wool were made. Many of these were for the benefit of the organization, while the others were placed in individual homes. Most of the wool was donated or obtained from some exchange, so that these very excellent quilts were obtained at a minimum cost. The result of the drive was a great increase in the spirit of friendship and cooperation. During the spring and summer much of the time in the Work and Business Department in all the organizations was devoted to preparation for the general stake demonstration of work which was held at the time of the conference-convention. The display of the many varieties of handwork made by the sisters was very wonderful. In connection with the demonstration, a sale of second-hand goods was conducted, and through this much of the used clothing was obtained at a very small fee. The articles were sold to those who

could use them, and the surplus was distributed to help the needy. The Fall Work and Business days were devoted to preparation for the Christmas season. The aim of the organization was to see that no child in any of the wards or districts would be left without a gift or some special Christmas cheer. Many of the officers were thrilled with joy at the result of their labors. During January one outstanding project of the work was the preparation of a medicine kit. For this special purpose cases were made of galvanized tin that could stand the test of all kinds of weather without injury to the contents. The cases were 9x10x13 inches, and contained four compartments suited to the contents. The following is a list of the contents of each kit: hot water bottle with syringe attachments; sheets and pillow cases; clinical thermometer, medicine dropper; absorbent cotton; adhesive plaster; tannic acid; gauze; mercurochrome; milk of magnesia; iodine; mentholatum; lysol; mustard; eucalyptus; aspirin tablets; olive oil; boracic acid; castor oil; turpentine; salts; glycerine; carbolic acid. The bed pan is kept in a separate oilcloth bag. On the inside of the lid over the hot water bottle case, is written out and pasted the rules and regulations regarding the handling of the kit. When all preparations were completed the local doctor consented to attend the Stake and Local Officers' Meeting and give a lecture on the use of all the contents of the kit. From this lecture a letter of instructions was written and placed in each kit. This is kept under lock and key, and the President of each organization is held responsible for its care. The kits are prepared and maintained from the interest on the wheat money which has been pooled, and is supervised by the Stake. The reports from this project are very gratifying. The necessity for the medicine kit will be easily understood when it is realized that there are no doctors or drug stores in the little out-of-town districts. Everyone is welcome to the use of the kit so long as he observes the regulations for the use of it. Where people can afford to pay for the use of the medicine a small fee is charged, otherwise the use is given without cost. In the preparation of the medicine kit a delegation from the Relief Society met with the local hospital board, and made arrangements to procure the medicines through the hospital, thus getting them at a greatly reduced price. Miss Norma Snow, matron of the hospital, assisted greatly in measuring and preparing the medicines.

A special Visiting Teachers' Convention was held in the spring. The organizations were divided into five districts and three stake members visited each district. The aim was to put the work over in a way to renew the spirit of enthusiasm, to inspire greater diligence, and a better preparation of the teachers' work. The result of these conventions has been shown in the increased efficiency of the teachers.

Sister Jacobs writes: "We are also proud of our stake traveling library. As a small beginning we have in circulation one hundred and sixty books. These are divided into twelve strong canvas bags with a leather strap which is attached in several places and buckled around the center of the bag, thus keeping them tightly closed from inclement weather while on their travels around the Stake. We have recently purchased more books and expect to increase the library from time to time as means will permit. We have had for our Relief Society slogan for several years: 'We stand for better homes

through the increase of wholesome, intelligent reading,' and our desire is to make this slogan possible in the homes of all our women."

"The project work given to us by the General Board this year fits so nicely into our slogan and we feel that it is going to be an excellent help in stimulating our sisters to renew their knowledge and become better acquainted with the work of the Lord. If we consider this work from only one standpoint, and that is, that it will qualify our boys and girls for the mission field when they have grown to maturity, we shall feel amply repaid for the time and energy we have put into it. Speaking for our Stake, we are delighted with the Project."

San Francisco Stake.

THE group photograph on page 504 shows the members of the San Francisco Presidency and Stake Board, and the Ward Relief Societies of San Francisco, Balboa, Sunset, Mission, Burlingame, Palo Alto and San Jose Wards, in attendance at a literary class meeting held at Edwin Markham Memorial Home, 432 South 8th Street, San Jose, California, on February 20, 1935.

We are indebted to Mrs. Annaleone D. Patton for the following delightful account of this very interesting event: "That the Lord's house is a house of order" is demonstrated nowhere more potently than within the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the recent organization of the San Francisco Stake of Zion, it was remarkable how quickly "Stake mindedness" was sensed by both units and individuals. It might be said in passing that this promising youngster in the family of stakes is "doing nicely, thank you." The auxiliary organizations are completed and functioning splendidly, as evidenced by a meeting of the Relief Society held at San Jose, February 20, 1935. The Stake President, Sister Esther Davis Stephens, with her counselors and other Stake officers made their first visit to San Jose Ward on January 16, within three weeks after the organization of the Stake. (San Jose is at the southernmost extremity of the stake—fifty miles from San Francisco.) The alertness and leadership of these sisters is shown by their interest in the new Wards.

"At this meeting assignments for the literary lesson were made. The topic was poetry, and the sub-topic, Edwin Markham—Dean of American Poets. The class had decided to hold this at the Markham Memorial Home. The San Jose Ward was anxious to share the honor of paying homage to Markham, and extended the invitation to the other Wards of the Stake. The following report is testimony of how thoroughly the spirit was diffused throughout the entire stake."*

"The restoration and maintenance of the Markham Memorial Home has been a labor of love. The house was the home of Mrs. Markham, bought many, many years ago when she first came to San Jose, that her youngest son, Edwin, might attend Normal School (now San Jose State College). The home is now owned by the College which maintains the Markham Health Cottage (a student infirmary) in the foreground of the lot. Due to the untiring labor and generosity of California's poet laureate, the late Henry Meade Bland, and others, the old home was restored, and there is now assembled in the little front room, affectionately known as the "Hoe Room," some

*See poems pages 506, 507.

LITERARY CLASS HELD AT MARKHAM MEMORIAL HOME. SAN FRANCISCO STAKE PRESIDENCY AND BOARD, ALSO SAN FRANCISCO, BALBOA, SUNSET, MISSION, BURLINGAME, PALO ALTO AND SAN JOSE WARDS.

rare treasures—an etching of Tassa, one of the few authentic paintings of Dante; a fireplace plaque of "Two by the Fireside" made by Mr. Markham in 1927; framed manuscript copies of "The Man with the Hoe" and "Lincoln, the Man of the People;" the chair Mr. Markham used at the local college; photographs of many literary high-lights in California history, and Dr. Bland's chair and library. This front room, with the bay window, was used by Mr. Markham as a study. Here, in 1886, while he was reading of Millet in Scribner's Magazine, his soul was stirred—an immortal poem was conceived—he drafted an outline and wrote the first four lines of "The Man with the Hoe:"

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world."

"The first public reading of the poem was thirteen years later at the New Year's Eve party at the home of Carrol Carrington in San Francisco, at which time Baily Millard declared the poem would go down the ages. Such is the genesis of the poem that has had the most unusual history of any verse ever written and brought Edwin Markham the recognition he merited.

"At the Relief Society meeting the poem was read, also "Lincoln, the Man of the People." Mrs. Gwendolyn B. Penniman, vice chairman of the Edwin Markham Poetry Society read the quatraine "Poetry" and recounted some interesting reminiscences of a recent visit of the poet to the city. The literary class leader gave a biographical sketch of Mr. Markham and read "Eternal Justice." "Invictus" was also given. There was delightful music furnished, after which refreshments were served on the lawn by the San Jose Ward Presidency. There were seventy-seven sisters in attendance at this never-to-be-forgotten day. Mrs. Penniman gave to those present mimeographed copies of Mr. Markham's poem, "The New America," the last stanza of which so fittingly depicts our ideals:

"New America
God show us Love's great way,
And lead us day by day,
To love's great ends
O, may our country be
From sea to sounding sea
One shelter for the free
One House of Friends."

Pilgrimage, Old and New

By Amy M. Rice

The Old

There's a long, winding, dusty trail,
That stretches dim, and gray,
From San Francisco's barren shores,
To San Diego's bay.
There's naked, weary, bleeding feet,
With slow, unfaltering pace,
Bearing the spirit of the Cross,
To a dark forgotten race.

We turn the page; and now we hear
This pilgrim voice, like clarion calls
Determined heart, unbroken faith,
Echoing from old mission walls
That from the clouds of deep decline
And dust of many ages, grew.
These heroes of the road of bells,
Who builded better than they knew.

The New

The scene changes; on El Camino Real,
From dusty trail, to glorious garden spot,
That in one little century
The faith of man, and hand of God has wrought
Another Pilgrimage is on its way
To share a poet's shrine.
Women, product of the sturdy race
Who made the desert blossom as the rose,
Pay homage to the place
From which, in verse and song, arose
The thoughts of men, who, with tongue and pen
Have moved a world.
Was it an hour, or a year
We lived and breathed the spirit of the Muse?
In measure such as this,
Who dare count time. Or who refuse
To greet the spell of genius?
'Twas all too brief; we met, we thrilled, we parted,
And took with us new hopes, and new desire.
And left enshrined a newly kindled fire
Of thanks for gifts
Bestowed so lavishly, to feed
The hungry souls of men.

(Written on the occasion of the gathering of Relief Society women to pay tribute to Markham at his old home in San Jose, California, February 20, 1935.)

The Pilgrimage

(Of Seven and Seventy Sisters)

By Annaleone Davis Patton

Over the silver ribboned highway
Flooded with bright sunlight,
They came on the Padre's byway
To the "Valley of Heart's Delight."*

In the fields wild flowers abound,
Far as the eye can behold,
Are prune blooms like thistle down,
And acacias dripping gold.

In spring when hearts are merry,
(It has been so through the ages,)
Like the good folk of Canterbury
People long for pilgrimages.

No genial inn keeper is needed
The irksome trek to interpret,
Since, modern science succeeded
In providing a magic carpet.

More endowed than ladies of fable
These sisters of purpose and zeal,
Now, the hand that rocks the cradle
May hold the steering wheel.

In love they answer the call
Of the needy, the lonely, and sick.
"The strength of the brick is the wall,
The strength of the wall is the brick."

Service is the aim of these women
The daughters of noble pioneers.
They new laurels are winning
Developing new frontiers.

Mellowed by age, hallowed by love
In a garden stands a shrine
Where once a youth inspired from above
Conceived immortal rhyme.

The crusaders hearts beat faster
As they touch the sacred soil
Of the shrine where the Master
Had written of them that toil.

Trouveres true prophets are
As history writes the pages,
The singers, the guiding stars
That lead on through the ages.

Hail, Markham! above any other
Humanity's poet and bard.
For he who loves his brother
Truly serves the Lord.

*The Santa Clara Valley is called the "Valley of Heart's Delight."

My Loves

By Julina Green

There's a rill by my home and I love it.
For it ripples and sings
Of the merriest things
As it mirrors the blue above it.

There's a tree near my home and I love it.
For it shelters the birds;
In its shade rest the herds.
And it grows toward the sun above it.

There's a child in my home and I love it.
For it's sweet, happy ways,
And the things that it says
As it smiles in my face above it.

May my soul not forget that God loves it.
May it grow like the tree;
Like the rill, pure and free
May it mirror the beauty above it.

As a child of Thy house, Father, love me!
And though frail, in thy strength
I'll subdue all at length
And ascend to thy heaven above me.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Go To Sacrament Meetings

SUMMER brings a surcease of many activities, but it is not well to cease attendance at Sacrament meetings. The spirit needs food just as much as the body does, and one of the most important sources of spiritual strength is the Sacrament.

Our Father has commanded his children to meet together often and partake of the sacrament. He says: "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day. For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High. * * * But remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full. Verily, this is fasting and prayer, or in other words, rejoicing and prayer." (Doctrine and Covenants Section 59:9-14.)

All Latter-day Saints should remember that on the Sabbath day they should rest from their labors, they should worship and pray, they should show zeal and ardor in their religious faith by paying their devotions to the Most High.

While this is an obligation upon all members of the Church, it is especially so for those who are privileged to be officers and teachers in the organizations. They should set an example by being present regularly at the Sacrament service. In order to perform their duties well, they need spiritual strength, and they cannot expect to disregard this requirement of the Father and be adequate to the tasks entrusted to their care.

A Great Need

ROGER BABSON, the noted statistician, says, "People should understand that before prosperity can return there must be renewed interest in the spiritual life of both individuals and nations. Nations should realize that the world has always possessed raw materials and labor; but has been prosperous only when people have been actuated by a religious faith to use those resources for advancement and service. This is the law of life and now is the time when it should be taught in churches, schools, and colleges. Think it over."

After the World War there was a tendency away from religion. Today thinking people everywhere are realizing that nothing can take the place of religious fervor in bringing joy and in giving the needed spirit to philanthropy.

Our organizations should carry the Gospel spirit in their service and see that the discouraged are brought into the joyous atmosphere of our religious gatherings, that they may lift up their heads in hope realizing that God lives and will aid those who trust him.

Magazine Drive

IT is a great advantage for an organization to have a magazine that voices its ideals, upholds its standards and looks after its interests. Apostle John A. Widtsoe says, "No organization can get very far without an organ, without a voice out of the printing press." The *Relief Society Magazine* belongs to the Relief Society. It is indispensable to its members, since it prints the lessons. It keeps its officers and members in touch with what the Society is doing in different parts of the world. It furnishes good reading matter and gives food for thought and conversation.

Our subscription list has mounted by leaps and bounds within the last year. We expect it to reach an even higher peak after our drive, which extends from September 15th to October 15th.

May every Stake and Mission go far beyond the number of subscriptions secured in our last Drive.*

Whiskey at the Steering Wheel

Severe as the drunken-driver problem was during Prohibition, it has become doubly severe now. The best statistics obtainable indicate that 5 to 10 percent of both drivers and pedestrians involved in traffic accidents are under the influence of liquor.

These statistics understate matters, since a multitude of accidents occur in which drinking is a factor but is not reported for one reason or another. A short time ago a thorough survey was made of 119 accidents involving 116 injuries and fatalities—and it showed that in 60 per cent of the accidents alcohol was involved. . . .

Here is a problem that involves the health, life and property of every citizen. It is a problem that must be fought by us all, drys and wets alike. Under the best conditions, highways and streets are potentially dangerous—and they become slaughter houses when whisky takes the steering wheel.

—*Kentucky-Citizen.*

*See page 525 for instructions on Magazine Drive.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in January)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON IV THE PROPHET IN RETIREMENT (Continued)

1. *A Brief Respite.* Almost exactly one month to the day from the time the Prophet Joseph escaped from his enemies in Missouri, he took up his residence at Commerce —later called Nauvoo—May 10, 1839. The Prophet was doubtless happier at Nauvoo than at any other place. It was here that he had a home of his own—first a log house present on the ground at the time he purchased it, and later the north wing of the commodious Nauvoo Mansion. It was here that the Saints reached their highest degree of prosperity and built their most beautiful homes. It was here that a village of unsightly shacks was transformed into the largest and most attractive city in the state of Illinois. It was here that the Prophet received many of the choicest revelations. It was here that the Saints became the most enlightened and it was from here that preachers of righteousness were sent out to nearly every section of the United States and numerous countries abroad. Whenever the Saints were prosperous, the Prophet rejoiced, and when they suffered, he suffered.

2. For a year and more following the founding of Nauvoo, in the early part of 1839, the Church was comparatively free from persecution. The city grew by leaps and bounds. Two stakes were organized—one at Nauvoo and one across the river in Iowa. The city of Nauvoo was incorporated and given a most liberal charter. Provision was made for the establishment of the University of Nauvoo. The Nauvoo Legion was brought into existence and the Saints grew in power and strength before the Lord.

3. *Persecution Again.* The period of respite, however, was brief. The enemies of the Church were not satisfied. Accordingly, in September of 1840, Governor Lilburn W. Boggs—on whose order the Saints had been driven from Missouri—made a requisition on Governor Carlin of Illinois for the Prophet and several of his brethren. Although the Prophet and his associates had left Missouri nearly two years earlier, yet the requisition accused them with being fugitives from justice. Governor Carlin complied with the request and sent a sheriff to make the arrests. Upon hearing of this action, however, the Prophet and others secluded themselves and when the officer arrived they were not to be found.

4. Here the matter rested for nearly a year, but on the fourth day of June, 1841, Governor Carlin of Illinois again sent a sheriff with a posse and an officer from Missouri to arrest the Prophet and deliver him to the Missouri authorities. In a court hearing that followed, Judge Stephen A. Douglas—at that time friendly to the Saints—dismissed the case and granted the Prophet his freedom. This defeat seemingly had the effect of making the Missouri persecutors increasingly determined to wreak their murderous desires upon the Church and particularly its leaders.

5. *A Second Effort at Extradition.* Accordingly, in May of 1842, when Lilburn W. Boggs—then ex-Governor of Missouri—was shot and slightly injured while in his home at Independence, Orrin P. Rockwell, a resident of Illinois, was accused of the shooting. A little later the Prophet was charged as an accessory before the fact. Shortly thereafter Governor Reynolds of Missouri made a requisition on Governor Carlin of Illinois for the surrender of the Prophet. Governor Carlin, who had become embittered against the Prophet and his people, acceded to the demand and on the 8th day of August, 1842, the Prophet and Rockwell were arrested on a warrant issued by the Governor. The brethren demanded that they be tried at once and obtained a writ citing them to appear before the court in Nauvoo. The arresting officer refused to recognize the authority of this court and returned to the Governor for further instruction, leaving the Prophet and Rockwell in Nauvoo to do much as they pleased. Fearing they would be extradited to Missouri and there be tried by their avowed enemies, the Prophet and Rockwell retired into seclusion.

6. When the officers returned and failed to find the Prophet and Rockwell, they heaped threats of violence upon the people of Nauvoo and even attempted to alarm the Prophet's wife, Emma, who at the very time was far advanced toward becoming a mother. Sheriff Ford, the officer from Missouri, declared he would return from his own state with a body of men sufficiently large to take the Prophet by force. Hearing of these threats and knowing full well that if he were taken to Missouri he would be killed, the Prophet declared he was determined to keep out of their hands.

7. *In Retirement.* Thus from the early part of August, 1842, to near the close of the year the Prophet remained in seclusion, part of the time in Iowa but most of the time in Nauvoo and its environs. Irrespective of his whereabouts, however, he was fully informed of what was going on. This was made possible by a few trusted messengers who operated mostly under cover of darkness.

8. The Prophet describes in some detail a conference that was held between himself and several others, including his wife, at night time on a small island in the Mississippi river between Nauvoo and Montrose. The Prophet himself at that time was in retirement, staying at the home of John Smith in Zarahemla, Iowa. Under cover of darkness, Emma and half a dozen of the brethren met at the riverside near the Prophet's store in Nauvoo and proceeded in a skiff to the appointed place. Soon after they reached the island, the Prophet, accompanied by Brother Derby, arrived from the Iowa shore. A council was then held in the boats. After this was concluded, the Prophet and Brother Derby made their way up the river to the home of Brother Edward Sayers on the Illinois side and the others returned to Nauvoo.

9. Joseph subsequently spoke of this as the "sacred night," and said that as long as time lasts he will never forget the service of his faithful friends. Although his statement concerning Emma, his wife, has appeared in an earlier lesson of this series, yet it deserves repeating. Here it is: "How glorious were my feelings when I met that faithful and friendly band on the night of the eleventh (August), on Thursday, on the island at the mouth of the slough between Zarahemla and Nauvoo: with what unspeakable delight, and what transports of joy swelled my bosom when I took by the hand on

that night my beloved Emma—she that was my wife, even the wife of my youth, and the choice of my heart. Many were the reverberations of my mind when I contemplated for a moment the many scenes we had been called to pass through, the fatigues and the toils, the sorrows and sufferings, and the joys and consolations, from time to time, which had strewed our paths and crowned our board. Oh what a commingling of thought filled my mind for the moment, again she is here, even in the seventh trouble — undaunted, firm, and unwavering—unchangeable, affectionate Emma!" (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, p. 107.)

10. The Prophet's love for his wife was always outstanding. Throughout the period of his retirement, he repeatedly risked his own safety by returning home to comfort her, then, as he said, "in the seventh trouble." Day after day he remained to administer to her wants. He not infrequently took her for a ride in the morning as well as in the evening. On the other hand, Emma was equally as devoted. At one time during his retirement the Prophet feared that he might be compelled to leave for a protracted stay in the wooded country to the northward, and wrote Emma accordingly. Immediately she replied: "I am ready to go with you if you are obliged to leave." The strain that she underwent in all of this trouble is probably reflected in the fact that later when her baby came, it did not live.

11. Emma made a most intelligent appeal to Governor Carlin in behalf of her husband and the saints. In closing her entreaty she said: "And now I appeal to your Excellency, as I would unto a father, who is not only able but willing to shield me and mine from every unjust prosecution. * * * I beg you to spare my innocent children the heart-rending sorrow of again seeing their father unjustly dragged to prison, or to death. * * * I entreat of your Excellency to spare us these afflictions and many sufferings which cannot be uttered, and secure to yourself the pleasure of doing good, and vastly increasing human happiness." (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, p. 117.) This appeal, however, was largely unheeded.

12. *Joseph's Appearance at Conference.* On the 26th of August, 1842, some two weeks after the beginning of his retirement, Joseph advised the Twelve to call a special conference at which elders would be selected to go forth in an effort to allay ill feelings against the saints. Accordingly, the conference assembled three days later in the Grove near the temple. After Hyrum Smith had explained at some length the purpose of the gathering, the Prophet suddenly appeared in their midst. This occasioned much rejoicing, for some had supposed that he had gone to Washington, and others that he had gone to Europe. After the Prophet had addressed the assembly, about 380 elders volunteered to go immediately on the proposed mission and took their departure within a few days.

13. *Attendance at Relief Society Meeting.* In the afternoon of August 31, 1842, the Prophet rode to the Grove near the temple with Emma and attended a meeting of the Relief Society. (See *History of the Church,* Vol. V, pp. 139, 140.) He spoke at some length concerning the efforts of his enemies to return him to Missouri, and then among other things warned the Relief Society sisters as follows: "If you know anything calculated to disturb the peace or injure the feelings of your brother or sister, hold your tongues, and the least harm will be done." Certainly sound advice even for today!

14. He also said that during his absence very important matters respecting the doctrine of baptism for the dead had been manifested unto him which he intended to communicate to the Saints on the following Sabbath provided nothing occurred to prevent him.

15. In a petition to Governor Carlin in defense of the Prophet, the sisters of the Relief Society bore the following character testimony: "We would further recommend to your Excellency, concerning Joseph Smith, that we have the utmost confidence in him as being a man of integrity, honesty, truth and patriotism. We have never, either in public or private, heard him teach any principles but the principles of virtue and righteousness. And so we have knowledge, and we know him to be a pure, chaste, virtuous and godly man." (*History of the Church,* Vol. V, p. 147.) This communication bore the date of September 5, 1842.

16. *In Retirement Again.* On the third day of September, 1842, while the Prophet was eating dinner with his family at Nauvoo, a sheriff and two associates appeared at the house and inquired as to his whereabouts. While this conversation was going on, the Prophet went out of the back door, and through a corn patch in his garden to the home of Newel K. Whitney. Meantime Emma went to the door and conversed with the sheriff who, although not possessing a search warrant, insisted upon searching the home. Emma granted him permission but his efforts were without avail. Later in the day the house was again searched with the same result. After nightfall, the Prophet in company with Brother Derby left the Whitney home and went to the home of Edward Hunter where of course he was welcomed and made comfortable. About a week later the Prophet returned home thinking that he would be as safe there as elsewhere. Here he remained in semi-seclusion for nearly a month, Emma being sick. Again on the seventh of October, he left home, this time for James Taylor's, a tedious journey of all night and part of a day.

17. *The Prophet's Acquittal.* About this time Justin Butterfield, United States District Attorney for the state of Illinois, presented Sidney Rigdon with a lengthy legal opinion on the efforts to drag Joseph Smith into Missouri. In substance he said that the Prophet could not be legally extradited to Missouri unless he had committed an offense in that state. He advised the Prophet to obtain affidavits showing that he was not in Missouri at the time ex-Governor Boggs was shot and to submit to arrest and appear for a hearing at Springfield before the United States court. This the Prophet decided to do and a few days later, on the fifth of January, 1843, Judge Pope ordered that the Prophet be discharged from arrest. (See *History of the Church,* Vol. V, pp. 223-231.)

18. *Rejoicing Among the Saints.* With the arrival of this news in Nauvoo, there was general rejoicing. When the Prophet reached home he and his wife issued invitations to a party to be held at his home, Wednesday, January 18, 1843, at ten o'clock in the morning. After the guests arrived, conversation continued on various topics until two o'clock when twenty persons sat down at the table, the Prophet and Emma waiting on them assisted by others. Twenty persons sat down at the second table, eighteen at the third, including the Prophet and Emma, and fifteen at the fourth. The Prophet closes his description of the party by stating that the pleas-

ure of the occasion was heightened by the fact that it marked the fifteenth anniversary of his and Emma's marriage.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Recite the accomplishments of the church during its first year at Nauvoo.
2. What is the order that must be followed when one governor makes requisition upon another for the extradition of a violator of the law?
3. Where must the offense be committed in order to make a person subject to extradition?
4. What is meant by "accessory before the fact?"
5. Give the relative locations of Nauvoo, Montrose, Zarahemla, and Springfield. How is each place reached from the others?
6. Under conditions such as those described in the lesson, would you expect that rejoicing among the saints would be permanent? Why?

Teachers' Topic

JANUARY

Proverbs 25:21-22

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

THIS Proverb reverses the old Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and admonishes the Christ-like forgiveness taught later by the Master. If it were carried out, there could be no hatred nor strife. It gives the remedy for malice and ill will and gives a panacea for the one who has done wrong to be regenerated. It softens his hardness, makes him penitent and eager to make amends.

How much sweeter is the life of one who practices this Proverb, for Milton truly says,

"Revenge at first though sweet
Bitter 'ere long back on itself recoils."

The Christ taught us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." If we believe that we shall receive as we measure, then even from a selfish standpoint, we should be kind and forgiving.

The greatest blessing our Father can give to us for obedience to His teachings is to transform our characters and make us partakers of His Divine nature. When we forgive one who has wronged us a feeling of tenderness and love brings joy far surpassing the spirit of vindictiveness.

Topics and Questions for Discussion

1. Relate instances where this Proverb has been obeyed. What were the results?
2. Explain the figure "coals of fire."
3. Read Proverbs 24:28-29; 17:5.
4. Read the story of the unmerciful servant.
5. What do passion, revenge, wrath, vengeance call forth?
6. Dwell on the beautiful lesson Whittier gives us in these lines:

"My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;

So turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burying-place;
Where pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of a common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and. trembling, I forgave."

Tribute to the Relief Society Visiting Teachers

By Kate Empey

They are of the chosen few
Called to visit me and you,
Light of step they are on their way
Leaving cheer in all they say.
With smiling faces they come near
And at their knock you need not fear
With prayerful hearts they enter there
Ready to lift your load of care—
They are the Visiting Teachers.

They are those selected right
Chosen through the Priesthood's sight,
They who work with might and main
Worthy records to obtain,
Of the sad and lonely who,
Need God's blessing to pull through—
The long, long hours when it seems
No sun can show its brightest beams
These are the Visiting Teachers.
A regular visit they do make
A watchword with them they do take;
That Peace, goodwill shall ever be
The gentle spirit guiding thee.
When they do come with humble heart
They do their best—goodwill impart:
For they are messengers of love
They do the will of God above,
These our Visiting Teachers.

When long dark hours come our way
And one is sad all through the day,
Their hands are ready work to do
They make one feel she can pull through.
Our load is lightened by their word
For they who pray have trust in God,
And hearts and homes are brightened more
Because such as these passed through our door.
They are our Visiting Teachers.
May they be blessed with spirit right
To do their work with all their might.
That they may ever feel to say
Some good was done while on my way,
My prayer was answered by my Lord,
Each home was eager for his word,
Our hours thus spent they are the best,
We leave unto our Lord the rest.
God bless our Visiting Teachers.

Literature

(For Third Week in January)

THE MAGIC OF IMAGINATION

"Tell me where is fancy bred?
Or in the heart or in the head."
—*Shakespeare.*

Man, The Dreamer

Behold horizons fade and vanish as the magic charger. Fancy takes man on endless quests to find the glittering treasures of Life, Happiness. No peak too craggy to scale, no torrent too raging to ford, no dragon too fierce to fight in this dream quest of Man. The deep mysteries Life and Death, Love and Hate, have melted into oblivion when Man has dreamed him a heaven in which to dwell.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

The Quest of Happiness

The art of the Middle Ages was to make the old, old things quite new by the magic of imagination. Much of the art of contemporary life is to restore to man what he loses, when in the midst of a material world he has ceased to live in a world of dreams. The Middle Ages became gorgeous and varied as misty horizons vanished and the treasures of new lands were brought to the glory of Feudalism. The stark walls of Tintagel Castle by the Cornish sea, fortress of the noble chieftain of Britain became a feudal castle under Malory, magic touch, the tale-teller's touch, later to give birth to the lovely Camelot of "The Idylls of the King."

The classic influence in European life and letters banished from its expression the record of a simple zest for living. Form and phrase became the basis of literary attention. In France and England the classicists reigned supreme in the seventeenth Century. Romanticism, the spirit of Wordsworth, Gray, Burns, Shelley and others brought back to verse a naturalness, a beauty, and a glory. Prose literature took upon itself a realism that has made it truly a record of life. Realism presents men and women and things as they really are. The French prose writers developed a form of realism, naturalism which pointed the way to the dominant mode in modern fiction. All of life does not lend itself to artistic reproduction. Hence, much of the naturalism of fiction has been criticized, the naturalism which became "the bestial image breaker intent upon the uglification of humanity." Literature at this point of development made a new pattern, it would seem, to offset the reality of naturalism, the pattern symbolism.

The name symbolism is new, but the mode is old. The magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights" persists in the symbolism of modern literature, the pattern used by Materlinck, Rostand, and J. M. Barrie. Edmond Rostand rose in France with romance as his watchword to give the drama "Chanticler" and "L'Aiglon;" Maurice Materlinck, caught on the crest of the wave, turned from realism to mysticism in "The Blue Bird;" J. M. Barrie adopted the pattern to create the immortal Peter Pan. Symbolism—the casting of thought into the mold of speech—is a difference between an outward visible sign and the inward spiritual idea.

The Blue Bird—Maurice Maeterlinck

"The Blue Bird" belongs to the modern literature of childhood's dreamland. It is an allegorical fantasy upon the theme of all Maeterlinck's dramas, the search for ideal happiness. From one of the author's essays "Luck in the Buried Temple" we find this significant expression "Let us unweariedly follow each path that leads from our consciousness to our unconsciousness. . . . At the end lies hidden the general secret of life," and Man's destiny.

Maurice Maeterlinck (mah ter lee nk) was born at Ghent, in Flanders in 1862. In the garden of his well-to-do parents he learned to dream with out-going ships, later the dark canals and narrow streets filled him with mystery. At a Jesuit school with its severity, bitterness was added to the youthful experience. In 1886 Maeterlinck went to Paris to become connected with the idealists and symbolists of the new school of writers. Upon his return to Belgium he began to write, at first poems and then dramas. This early work was marked by a definite pessimism; but always there was a striving for that Truth which is Beauty. In 1912 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

Maeterlinck is a seer of the future apart from his dramas. It has been said what Goethe was to the culture of Europe in the opening of the nineteenth century, Maeterlinck is today. It may be said of him, as it was said of Goethe, that he has brought us to the shores of the sea of serenity.

The product of Maeterlinck's second period of literary activity is marked by a serenity, the understanding of Man's destiny. Of the man, Maeterlinck, nothing but good is known; his life proclaimed the ideals of his writings. Today he is considered with George Meredith, and Henrick Ibsen as one of the great modern interpreters of life.

The Blue Bird

This fairy play in five acts is an epitome of the ideas of Maeterlinck. The characters are ideas personified. The play was first produced at the Art Theatre in Moscow in 1908. In London in 1909 the play drew thousands to its boards.

In dreamland Tyltyl and Mytyl, the children of two old peasants, are visited by the fairy Berylyne, who sends them in quest of the Blue Bird The fairy explains that if they can find the Blue Bird they will see all and know all—it is the great secret of things and happiness. The children are accompanied on the quest by Light the Dog, the Cat, Sugar, Bread, Fire, Water, and Milk. They journey first to the Land of Memory and meet their grandparents. The children are given a bird which is quite blue, but when they leave the land it becomes quite black.

The wanderings continue until the Land of Night is reached. Night resents Man's efforts through the ages to rid her of her terrors. The children search for the Blue Bird in the Caverns of the Ghosts, the Wars, the Shade, the Terrors, and the Mysteries. They seize eagerly the birds they find, but when they bring them to the light they are dead, they could not live in the light of day.

The children pass on in search of the Enchanted Palaces where all men's joys, all men's happinesses are gathered together in the charge of Fate. First, they go to the Hall of Luxuries of the Earth and search the banquet halls of the revellers, but the Blue Bird is not there. Next they interview the Happinesses,—the Happiness of Home, the Happiness of Well-Being, etc.; and then the Great Joys, the Joy of Maternal Love, the Joy of Understanding, etc. In the end they arrive at the Kingdom of the Future.

In the Azure Palace of the Kingdom of the Future they find the children who await the hour of their birth. Each is discussing what he will do during his earth-life. They are all wondering while they wait if they will receive

"Some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from their dream of human life."

Father Time arrives and in a galley with white and gold sails, he takes a cargo of babies to Earth. Songs of waiting mothers are heard coming through the rosy mists of dawn as the galley nears its destination. In the Kingdom of the Future there are also other figures, figures of silent beauty clad in azure. These are the matured spirits reserved for the earth at appointed times.

The Children, Tyltyl, and Mytyl are discovered by Father Time who wonders why they are not blue. Light protects them from Time's gaze, as she assures them that she has caught the Blue Bird. All return to Earth. The children awaken in the cottage now illumined by a strange beauty. When Madam Berlingot, a neighbor enters, she is first mistaken for the fairy Berylyne. Tyltyl offers his own little turtle-dove for the sick child. In a moment the miracle happens "the little child enters, the Blue Bird in her arms." As the children try to feed the Blue Bird it flies away. "Never mind," says Tyltyl reassuringly. "I will catch him again."

Of the production of the play with its possibilities for beauty in the ethereal Palace, Forest and Magic Garden scenes much can be said. Never before did poet give such possibilities for scenic images and impelling hues. Of the dramatic productions it has been recorded "Children sat spellbound and speechless in contemplation of this youthful modern quest of a new Holy Grail, while men and women read therein the meanings vouchsafed them by their own life quests." With easy dialogue, simple allegory and delicate humor, Maeterlinck has endeared himself to all who engage in the quest of Happiness by reading "The Blue Bird."

"O restless fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?
Here are brave pinions that should take thee far."

—*Aldrich.*

Note:—This is the second part of the lesson The Magic of Imagination.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Shakespeare found the magic material for his most imaginative drama, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the gentle and lovable superstitions of fairy mythology.

The popular explanation concerning the origin of fairies seems to be of Scandinavian birth, and it is pagan in character. Shakespeare took this fairy lore and gave it new charm by remodeling and invention. Thus in the play we see fairies making midnight mushrooms, hanging pearls in cowslip's ears, stealing honey bags from bees and flowers, hiding in acorns, girdling the earth in forty minutes, and singing Queen Titania to sleep nightly. The names given to the fairy characters in the play, the elves of hills, brooks, and groves carry a charm with them—Oberon, Titania, Puck, Cobweb, Robin Goodfellow, Pease Blossom, Moth Mustardseed, Cricket, Queen Mab—all fairies who with "printless feet" dance to the music of the spheres. This fairy carnival, a miracle of happy inspiration, seems to have been written for the marriage festivities planned for two of Shakespeare's patrons, Lord Southampton and the Earl of Essex.

The Play. Theseus, Duke of Ath-

ens, the conqueror of the Amazons, wins their queen, Hippolyta, for his bride. Amusements are ordered for part of the wedding festivities. Aside from the court activities, the peasants plan a play to be directed by Bottom, the weaver. The loyal friend of Theseus, Lysander, is having difficulty with his love affairs as the father of Hermia demands that his daughter marry Demetrius, beloved by Helena. In the forest King Oberon and Queen Titania's love is not running smoothly. The mischievous Puck decides to set things in order by teaching his mistress a lesson. He has found a love-juice which he is going to pour upon her eyes when she is asleep, in order that she will love the first thing she sees upon awakening. In the forest Puck comes upon Helena and Demetrius who are quarreling, so he plans to help them also. Later Lysander and Hermia come to the forest to escape the cruelty of Hermia's father. Puck uses his love-juice upon Lysander instead of Demetrius, who upon awakening sees first Helena. A strange turn of events now, and Demetrius is free to make love to Hermia. Meanwhile Puck continues his mischief. Finding Bottom, the weaver, and the players rehearsing, he crowns him with an ass's head, then leads him to where Titania is sleeping. Upon awakening, the Queen of the Fairies loves the first thing she sees, the human ass. All is confusion. Oberon at Titania's love, Hermia at Lysander's love for Helena. The Duke out in the forest on an early morning hunting trip discovers the trouble. Puck repairs his mischief and all are restored to normal understanding of their love, and Bottom to his normal form. The Duke listens to the plea of Lysander and Hermia and consents to their betrothal.

The wedding feast is planned now for three couples. The village players present their comic tragedy, "Pyramus and Thisbe." Then the fairies dance through the palace bringing omens of blessing and goodwill for the wedded ones.

"And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

THE MAGIC OF IMAGINATION

Guide to Preparation

A. Suggested topics for Lesson Assignments.
   1. The Magic of Fairy Lore
   2. The Beauty of Symbolism
   3. "The Blue Bird"—Maeterlinck
      A brief review of the story
   4. Review: "The Midsummer Night's Dream"
   5. The Dramatic values of Symbolical Plays as "Peter Pan" and "The Blue Bird"

Guide to Reading

A. "Peter Pan"
   For the family circle. A beautiful story of the land where a youth never grows old.

B. "The Life of the Bee," Maeterlinck
   A work well known to our girls by the author of "The Blue Bird."

C. "The Celtic Twilight," Yeats
   A collection of tales and plays of fairy lore from the twilight days of the Celtic race. No race has retained the youthful zest for fairy lore as has the Irish people.

D. "Chanticler," Rostand
   This French dramatist has used the simple story used by Chaucer and with barnyard characters portrayed man and his faith.

Bibliography for March

IN publishing the Bibliography of our Literary Lessons in the June number of our *Magazine* the March lesson was omitted, so we print it herewith:

The Lesson for March

El Dorado.

Kipling.
- Kipling's Poems.
- Puck of Pook's Hill.
- Captain Courageous.
- Kim.
- Plain Tales from the Hills.
- Jungle Stories.
- The Year's Between.
- Barrack-Room Ballads.
- The Recessional.
- Life's Handicaps.
- Wee Willie Winkie.

Alfred Noyes.
- Poems of Alfred Noyes.
- Forty Singing Seamen.
- Newspaper Bay.
- Barrell Organ.
- The Book of the Earth.
- Tales of a Mermaid Tavern.

Social Service

LESSON IV

(For Fourth Week in January)

SOCIALIZATION THROUGH COMMUNICATION AND TRANSPORTATION

TEXT: CIVIC SOCIOLOGY, EDWARD A. ROSS, CHAPTER V

The general purposes of this lesson are:

1. To understand how the pattern of life is modified by contact with others.

2. To realize the obligation of the Latter-day Saint in furthering worth while social activities.

Communication and transportation are two of the greatest factors in promoting the growth and organization of society. Without them life may go on in its ancient mold for centuries at a time. Having once become accustomed to living in a certain way, a group of people, such as a clan or tribe, may continue to follow the same customs indefinitely unless they are modified through social interchange.

A vivid example of this fact is seen in the history of the American Indians: Living largely without communication or the benefits of transportation each tribe developed a type of civilization and a form of art which was particularly adapted to its own environment. For example, the Pueblos, who dwell in permanent villages, have perfected the art of pottery as no other tribe has done, because of their sedentary life. But nomadic tribes which pitch their hogans or tepees whereever necessity demands find waterproof baskets lighter and more convenient vessels for carrying water and storing grain. The sheep-herding Navajos developed the art of blanket weaving to its highest extent. In their basketry, those tribes which live in canyons where willows abound use them extensively, while those who live on the desert use yucca fibres. The ceremonial customs and traditions of the Blackfeet Indians of Canada are equally characteristic of their surroundings. The snow tepee of their tribal camp is painted with green discs representing ice holes and with seven stars symbolizing the constellation of the Great Bear as a tribute to their god of the Blizzard. One of their ceremonial dresses is trimmed with ermine,

In these days of easy transportation and communication society has been organized to such a degree that no community or commonwealth can be self-sufficient. The extensive exchange of goods has made widely separated countries dependent upon one another, and no country is entirely self-supporting or independent. And, in addition to the consumption of goods there is a tremendous interlocking of moral and ethical values which has developed from this close communication. No social pattern exists which does not influence other patterns of thought and ways of living. The present organization of society has been largely developed through the swift communication of ideas and the effect of rapid transportation.

Human behavior continually alters with new surroundings, changing desires, and active participation in group activities. Social life is consequently in a continual state of flux. With such changes going on all the time, it is in the nature of things that older social arrangements, even though at one time admirable, must gradually cease to be useful. The older the custom the more likely it is to be unsuited to present social needs. New inventions, new knowledge, new services rendered to mankind often show old ways to be ineffectual and unsuited to modern life, such as the ancient custom of trial by fire, and the burning of innocent women as witches.

With proper education the weakness and folly of old ideas lead to a demand for their abolition. However, such demands usually meet with stern resistance. Most men are inclined to hold a self-sufficient attitude toward the major social problems of life. They stubbornly oppose new application to old ideas, and social change is hindered to that extent. Some develop a belligerent attitude at the very suggestion of a changing social order. Misunderstandings which lead to never ending difficulties develop very easily.

History is replete with conflicts because of the clash of ideas which have developed through social changes. Differences in opinion on such questions as immigration, tariff policies, the organization of labor, and taxation have caused continual trouble. The United States Civil War was brought on by the inability of opposing sides to adjust their differences of opinion. Consequently both society and the nation suffered a devastating blow. The early persecution of the Latter-day Saints and their expulsion from certain states is an example of great intolerance. But communication should reduce conflict and develop understanding of another's point of view.

One of the greatest dangers to individuals and to organized society is this opposition to change and the social adjustment which it involves. Feelings become intensified, opposition grows violent, and sometimes ends in revolution. Groups of people and nations should not refuse to countenance differences in ideas or to make social adjustments. Rather, the attitude of tolerance and compromise in regard to conflicting interests and attitudes should be fostered.

In the past social changes have been more unconsciously directed by the activities of man than they are at the present time. Although great changes have always resulted from their activities, society was not so much aware of how and to what extent such changes were taking place as it is today. With the speeding up of transportation through the use of aircraft and higher powered ships, trains, and automobiles; and with the use of the radio, telegraphy, and

telephone, old barriers are broken down. With the ability to reach millions of people over the radio at the same time, world-wide changes in thought and attitude can be effected almost simultaneously. For example, President Roosevelt's "fireside talks" have been of international influence. As a result such changes are consciously directed and with more potent results than ever before. Therefore, people should know how to react to such tremendous influences. To the extent that democracy is a privilege it carries a corresponding obligation. In so far as socialization occurs through such conscious molding, individuals should exercise judgment in contributing toward a wholesome development.

Freedom of discussion is the best method of reducing differences of opinion and arriving at understandings. People should be willing to sacrifice personal beliefs for social welfare. In "An Introduction to Sociology," W. G. Beach describes the worth of an idea as follows:

> "The worth of each (idea) is measured by its relation to social welfare. If an institution has had a social function, but no longer performs it, it needs to be changed; to function socially is to do something of value for society, and the test is universal and inexorable. The recognition of this principle by an individual or a group constitutes in them a consciousness of social obligation. Equally, must a custom, a tradition, an institution accept this test."

Active participation in church activities may be cited as an activity of worth while social value. One may derive great benefit and spiritual satisfaction by listening to radio talks, but group contacts should not be replaced by such methods of socialization and education. Group contacts have a value in and of themselves which nothing can replace.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints shows the effects of socialization through transportation and communication to a very interesting extent. The nature of its organization into stakes, wards, missions, conferences, and branches, affords a constant interchange of ideas and extension of the social mind. The traveling of missionaries to the uttermost parts of the world and their consequent partaking of the cultures of other peoples which they eventually bring back to their own communities is an invaluable cultural asset to the Church. The appearance and broadcast of the Tabernacle Choir at the recent Chicago Exposition in response to an invitation from Mr. Henry Ford, modified the attitude of thousands of people toward our Church. The Sunday evening services and concerts given weekly over the radio are an example of socialization by means of the radio.

As a religious body the Church is an organic institution possessing all the attributes necessary for growth and expansion to meet the needs of a growing and expanding world. Church members should participate in the activities of their organization, not only for their own good but also to help in the social development of the organization. What do you, as Latter-day Saints, derive from the social and spiritual benefits of Mormonism?

What do you contribute to its socialization?

Activities

Evaluate the services of the missionaries who have returned home in your ward. Give evidence, if possible, that members think or act differently because of the experiences of the missionaries in other communities.

Show the effects of visits of stake and auxiliary supervisory officers upon the spirit of unity in the ward.

Mission Lessons

HEALTH LESSONS 1935-36

LESSON IV

Care of the Eyes

THE care of baby's eyes begins immediately after birth. The careful attendant always applies an unirritating antiseptic to the eyes of the new born babe, and there is no doubt that many cases of blindness are prevented by this initial care. There is a disease called ophthalmia neonatorium which attacks young infants just a few hours or days after birth, and which may be severe enough to destroy the sight. In such cases the physician should always be called in early.

There is another type of eye disease which results from syphilis, and which causes spots to come on the cornea which may permanently obstruct the sight. Here again the physician should be called and given full charge, and if he is early enough on the job blindness may be averted. Conjunctivitis, commonly known as sore eyes, is fairly common amongst all classes of people. Unless it is severe one may be justified in treating himself.

One of the simple eye drops recommended over long years by one of London's greatest eye specialists consists of two grains of chloride of zinc dissolved in an ounce of distilled water. This may be applied with a dropper two or three times a day, in amounts of three or four drops to each eye. This is the strength for adults, and it should be diluted somewhat for children. If the eye becomes very sore it should be put to rest by excluding the light with a bandage, and the physician should be consulted.

Conjunctivitis often results from eye strain, and if it continues the eye specialist should be consulted to see if glasses are not needed. Students who use their eyes excessively, and people whose employment subjects the eyes to the irritation of dust or smoke, are apt to have conjunctivitis. The Japanese who developed so many wise sanitary measures during the war with Russia had a regulation that each gunner in the artillery force should carry in his pocket a little bottle of saturated solution of boric acid to be dropped in the eyes as often as necessary. For the irritation of smoke or dust that is a good eye water and should be used freely.

Granular lids is really chronic conjunctivitis. It is a disease most common among the poorer classes. It sometimes causes distortion of the lid borders, turning the lashes against the sensitive eyeball and causing great pain and irritation. This is a disease for the eye specialist and should not be neglected or subjected to home treatment.

There is nearly always conjunctivitis in measles, and other infectious diseases may cause it. In measles or scarletina, where the eyes get sore, argyrol in 6% strength should be dropped in each eye two or three times a day. Hemorrhage under the conjunctiva may be quite alarming, and it is quite conspicuous, but it is usually not of consequence and the blood stain will disappear of its own accord in a few days. No medicine does it any good.

When one gets a black eye from an injury there is hemorrhage into the soft tissues about the eye. The

use of a beef steak poultice is foolish, and does no more good than an ordinary poultice. Immediately after the injury a small ice bag should be applied to arrest the hemorrhage, and the next day hot poultices of gauze wrung out of boric solution should be used to hasten absorption. If the person has to appear in public, the skin may be covered with flesh colored powder.

Little ulcers sometimes appear on the cornea, especially in poorly nourished children. These should be treated by the eye specialist as they may leave white scars which would interfere with vision.

Cataract is ordinarily a disease of old age, which would go on to complete blindness if not corrected. Sometimes it occurs in younger people as a result of injury to the eye. Fortunately science has developed a surgical cure for cataract, and the great majority of those afflicted with it can be restored to happiness by getting their sight restored.

Glaucoma is a disease of the eye in which the eyeball hardens, causing loss of vision and often severe pain. It is always a matter for the eye specialist, and no time should be lost in having treatment instituted.

Eye strain due to faulty shape of the eyeball is a condition that causes much disability. It not infrequently causes headaches, and other nervous symptoms. Many children have fallen behind in their studies not because of lack of intellect, but because of eye strain. Fortunately most of the difficulty of faulty refraction can be corrected by properly constructed glasses, but the well trained optometrist should be consulted for selecting them.

Cross eyes results from inequality of the pull of the eye muscles. It is often disfiguring, and seriously interferes with vision. It can often be corrected by properly selected glasses, but in the severe forms, the little muscle which is making the abnormal pull on the eyeball must be operated upon by the well trained eye surgeon.

One should not put the eyes on a strain by reading in the twilight or in a darkened room. It is fortunate for us that so delicate an organ placed where it is subject so readily to injury as the eye, is given to us double, so that if one should be destroyed we still have another to fall back on. The Creator has also placed the eye in a strong bony cavity, open only on one side to let the light in. This gives it great protection from injury. So we see how our beneficent Heavenly Father has safeguarded our health and happiness, and we should show our appreciation by guarding carefully these precious organs that God has entrusted us with.

Questions

1. When should treatment of the eyes begin to occupy our attention?
2. What is conjunctivitis?
3. Why should the eyes of the new born baby have immediate attention?
4. How would you treat a black eye?
5. What simple eye water can be used with safety and effect?
6. What do you mean by cataract, and how treated?
7. What is glaucoma?
8. What is the treatment for cross eyes?
9. What do you mean by eye strain?
10. How can eye strain be corrected?
11. Show how the Creator has safeguarded our vision.
12. How can we best show our appreciation for the priceless gifts God has bestowed on us?

Magazine Drive

To Relief Society Stake Presidents.

Dear Sisters:

The time for our special Magazine Drive is from September 15 to October 15. All plans for this should now be decided upon. We hope the Stake and Ward Agents will be alert and work unceasingly until success crowns their efforts.

The Executive Officers should be ready to assist the agents. Often they can secure subscriptions where agents are unsuccessful in doing so.

All subscriptions taken from October 15, 1934, to October 15, 1935, will be counted in connection with the Honor Roll and awards to agents.

To Our Magazine Agents

We deeply appreciate the work done by our Magazine Agents in past years. They have worked enthusiastically, efficiently and unselfishly. Last season was outstanding —we reached the highest circulation in our history. More Wards attained the hundred per cent quota than ever before and many climbed up to between seventy-five and one hundred per cent. It has taken a great deal of work to reach this high standard, and we thank all those who made this success possible.

Unfortunately some did not have their record printed on the last Honor Roll in the Magazine who should, because it did not reach the office in time. We urge that this season the reports be sent in promptly. Stake Agents should not wait for Wards that are late until the prompt Wards fail to get credit in the published list. Reports should contain the following information, and should be sent in by November 10th: Name of Ward, Stake, Enrollment, No. of Subscriptions, Per Cent, Name of Magazine Agent.

All reports from Stake Agents must be in the Magazine office by November 10, 1935 in order to compete for award and be published in the magazine.

Each Ward is asked to have as its goal a subscription list equal to the number of Relief Society members in its organization. We trust the following suggestions will be carried out by our Agents:

1. Know the worth of the Magazine.
2. Be prepared to talk intelligently on what it contains.
3. Do the work in a business-like way.
4. Study the art of salesmanship.
5. Keep records accurately.
6. Send in subscriptions legibly written and containing the necessary information: Name, Address, When Subscription begins, Amount of money sent.

(a) It is very important that agents should be accurate in stating the month each subscriber wishes to commence. This will help us to avoid mailing two copies of the same month to a subscriber. It will also tend to alleviate much work and expense in making the changes later.

This list with the money should be sent directly by the Ward Agents to the Magazine office in Salt Lake City.

Each agent should carefully read the following instructions before beginning her work.

Instructions to Relief Society Magazine Agents

Subscriptions Payable in Advance: The subscription price of the *Relief Society Magazine* is $1.00 per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions will not be accepted at the Magazine office unless accompanied by a remittance, and Magazines will not be mailed to subscribers until the subscription price has been paid. In order to comply with this ruling and to avoid errors, subscriptions will not be taken by telephone at the Magazine office.

Receipt Book, Use of: Agents should give each subscriber a receipt for money received. The agent should keep a record on the corresponding stub in the receipt book, of the name of the subscriber, the amount received, and the period covered by the subscription. This record will serve as a guide to the agent in soliciting renewals. Agents are supplied with receipt books by the *Relief Society Magazine* office upon request, or from their stake representative, free of charge.

Subscription Blanks, Use of: All subscriptions taken by agents should be written on subscription blanks, A separate blank should be used for subscribers in different towns. Care should be taken that all names are spelled correctly. Agent should sign her own name and address on each blank sent in so that a receipt may be mailed to her. Subscription blanks are supplied by the *Relief Society Magazine* office, upon request, or from their stake representative.

Give Complete Address: Agents will please give the *correct* and *complete* post office address opposite every subscription entered on the blanks, so that subscribers will not be disappointed and Magazines lost.

A subscription for a stake or ward Relief Society organization should be addressed in care of an officer of that organization, who will be responsible to the Society for the Magazines.

Change of Address: Requests for change of address should be written on a separate sheet and not on a subscription blank. Give the *old* as well as the *new* address. If it is necessary to change a name, give the name as it is now appearing on the Magazine, as well as the name as it should appear in the future.

Renewals: When a subscription is renewed, give the name exactly as it appeared on the previous subscription. Be sure to state with which number of the Magazine the subscriber wishes to begin the renewal, so that two copies of the Magazine will not be received for the same month, or so that a number of the Magazine will not be missed.

Complaints: Complaints should be written on a separate sheet and not on a subscription blank.

Remittances: Money received for subscriptions should be remitted by check or money order, made payable to *Relief Society Magazine.*

Address of Magazine Office: Subscriptions and letters regarding subscriptions should be addressed to *Relief Society Magazine,* 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Agents: *Relief Society Magazine* agents give their services, without commission, just as do other Relief Society officers and workers, and pay for their own subscriptions. However, in order that they will not be at personal expense, they may deduct the cost of postage and money order fees from the amount sent in for subscriptions, unless this amount is paid by the Ward Relief Society General Fund.

Honor Roll and Awards to Agents

I. Honor Roll:

All wards reporting a subscription list of 75 to 99 percent of their membership will have their names and the names of the agents published on our Honor Roll. All wards reporting a subscription list equal to 100 percent or over of their membership will not only have their names and the names of the successful agents published on a special honor roll but will receive from the General Board a certificate of appreciation.

II. Awards:

(a) To the ten ward agents obtaining the highest percentage of subscriptions, a bound volume of the *Relief Society Magazine* will be presented at the General Conference of the Relief Society April, 1936. (Note: If agents earning awards are not in attendance the book will be sent to them.)

(b) To all ward agents not receiving a bound volume who obtain subscriptions equal to 75 percent or above of their membership, providing such subscription list contains a minimum of 15 names, a one year subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine* will be awarded.

All subscriptions received from October 15, 1934 to October 15, 1935 will be counted in the 1935 campaign.

(Subscriptions received after October 15, 1935 will be credited in the 1936 Drive.)

President Rudger Clawson says:

"The *Relief Society Magazine* is a wonderful Magazine. You must never forget that it is the Relief Society organ, it is your publication, it belongs to you, it is issued for your benefit. If a Relief Society sister should come to me and say, 'Brother Clawson, what is my responsibility to the Church publications? I should say without hesitation, 'My dear sister, your first obligation in this matter is to subscribe for the *Relief Society Magazine.* In it you will find every instruction and teaching that is necessary for you, and then after that, if you want to subscribe for other magazines, it is all right, but for you, it should be the *Relief Society Magazine* first'."

The Great Danger

A PROMINENT Virginia physician was sitting in his home, engaged in reading a magazine, while his wife chatted with a visitor. The conversation drifted to the danger of contagious diseases, and the means for preventing infection as the children mingle with their play-fellows. Much concern was shown by both mothers as to the safety of their children, and many suggestions for safeguarding them were discussed.

Thoughtfully laying down his magazine, the doctor remarked, "I am greatly interested in what you have been saying, but I have been thinking of a disease which you have not mentioned, and which threatens with much greater danger than any you have mentioned. I wonder, if you thought your children were being exposed to leprosy, typhoid, or yellow fever, what you would do! I fancy you would bestir yourselves mightily; possibly

leaving home for a safer locality. Yet, now, every child is exposed to a disease more dangerous than smallpox, typhoid, yellow fever, or anything else you could mention, and I am amazed at the seeming indifference of parents in view of the almost inescapable danger of contagion."

The women were startled, and anxiously inquired the name of this fearful disease which was unequalled by the ravages of what are usually considered the most deadly of disease. "I refer to the newly licensed liquor traffic, with the development of alcoholism," was the doctor's reply. The women were somewhat surprised, but he continued to tell of the awful ravages of drink; how it ruins morals, physical and spiritual welfare; how it is a racial poison, leaving its mark on future generations; how it blights all that is lovely and good, bringing in poverty, suffering, anguish and death. This warning, coming from a man in a position to know the many problems of disease and their effect on the life of the community, made both these women view this matter with a new realization of its significance, and anxious for the safety of their loved ones.

They realized that no child or youth can escape the temptation to drink and possibly form the alcohol habit. They saw with horror that many homes, formerly safe for their children to visit, are now serving drinks and placing temptation before those who may come.—*The Union Signal.*

Gently Calling

By Grace C. Jacobsen

When the world with all its darkness,
Its confusion, sin and strife,
Lays aside its futile clamor
For the things of mortal life.
When the din and roar of battle
Sounding now from sea to sea,
When the clash of angry sabres
Shall be sheated in unity.

When the love of gold and power
Loose their hold on human hearts,
And the thoughts of mortal welfare
Rise above the moneyed marts.
Where selfish men contending,
Just to have and hold awhile
All the fleeting wealth of nations,
Garnered with a sinister smile,

When the harvest time is ended,
And the noon day comes at last,
When the evening casts her shadows
And the striving all is past
When we've lost the gift of living,
And the joy of service sweet,
For the Master has been squandered
At the throne of mammon's feet,

Then perhaps we'll hear Him calling
See the cross and bleeding feet,
Hear the cry of pain and anguish,
Hear the message, tender sweet,
Hear him calling, gently calling
All mankind to Him above,
For He gave His life a ransom,
From the depths of perfect love.

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